HYMNS

AND

SPIRITUAL SONGS,

INTENDED FOR THE USE OF

REAL CHRISTIANS,

OF ALL DENOMINATIONS.

PUBLISHED BY

JOHN and CHARLES WESLEY.

Ye have put off the old man with his deeds, and have put on the new man, which is renewed in knowledge, after the image of him that created him: where there is neither Greek *nor* Jew, *circumcision nor uncircumcision,* Barbarian, Scythian, *bond or free; but* CHRIST *is all and in all.* Col. iii. 9—11.

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THE PREFACE.

THE *innumerable miſchiefs which have ariſen from bigotry, an immoderate attachment to particular opinions or modes of worſhip, have been obſerved and lamented in all ages, by men of a calm and loving ſpirit. O when will it be baniſhed from the face of the earth! When will all who ſincerely fear* GOD, *employ their zeal, not upon ceremonies and notions, but upon juſtice, mercy, and the love of* GOD!

2. *The eaſe and happineſs that attend, the unſpeakable advantages that flow from a truly catholic ſpirit, a ſpirit of univerſal love (which is the very reverſe of bigotry) one would imagine, might recommend this amiable temper to every perſon of cool reflection. And who that has taſted of this happineſs can refrain from wiſhing it to all mankind? Who that has experienced the real comfort, the ſolid ſatisfaction, of an heart enlarged in love toward all men, and in a peculiar manner to all that love* GOD *and the* LORD JESUS CHRIST *in ſincerity, can avoid earneſtly deſiring, that all men may be partakers of the ſame comfort?*

3. *It is with unſpeakable joy, that theſe obſerve the ſpirit of bigotry greatly declining, (at leaſt in every proteſtant nation of* Europe) *and the ſpirit of love proportionably increaſing. Men of every opinion and denomination now begin to bear with each other. They ſeem weary of tearing each other to pieces on account of ſmall*

and uneſſential differences: and rather deſire to build up each other, in the great point wherein they all agree, the faith which worketh by love, and produces in them the mind which was in CHRIST JESUS.

4. *It is hoped, the enſuing collection of hymns may in ſome meaſure contribute, through the bleſſing of* GOD, *to advance this glorious end, to promote this ſpirit of free love, not confined to any opinion or party. There is not an hymn, not one verſe inſerted here, but what relates to the common ſalvation; and what every ſerious and unprejudiced Chriſtian, of whatever denomination may join in. It is true, none but thoſe who either already experience the kingdom of* GOD *within them, or at leaſt earneſtly deſire ſo to do, will either reliſh or underſtand them. But all theſe may find herein either ſuch prayers, as ſpeak the language of their ſouls when they are in heavineſs; or ſuch thankſgivings as expreſs, in a low degree, what they feel, when rejoicing with joy unſpeakable. Come then all ye children of the Moſt High, and let us magnify his name together: And let us with one mind and one mouth glorify* GOD, *even the Father of our* LORD JESUS CHRIST.

HYMNS

AND

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

HYMN I.

ISAIAH lv. *Ver.* 1, &c.

1 HO! every one that thirſts, draw nigh,
('Tis God invites the fallen race)
Mercy and free ſalvation buy,
Buy wine, and milk, and goſpel grace.

2 Come to the living waters, come,
Sinners obey you Maker's call,
Return, ye weary wanderers, home,
And find my grace reached out to all.

3 See from the Rock a fountain riſe!
For you in healing ſtreams it rolls:
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye lab'ring, burthen'd, ſin-ſink ſouls.

4 Nothing ye in exchange ſhall give:
Leave all you have, and are, behind;
Frankly the gift of God receive,
Pardon and peace in Jeſus find.

5 Why ſeek ye that which is not bread,
Nor can your hungry ſouls ſuſtain?
On aſhes, huſks, and air ye feed,
Ye ſpend your little all in vain.

6 In ſearch of empty joys below,
Ye toil with unavailing ſtrife:
Whither, ah! whither would you go?
I have the words of endleſs life.

7 Harken to me with earneſt care,
And freely eat ſubſtantial food,
The ſweetneſs of my mercies ſhare,
And taſte that I alone am good.

8 I bid you all my goodneſs prove,
My promiſes for ſinners free:
Come taſte the manna of my love,
And let your ſoul delight in me.

9 Your willing ear and heart incline,
My words believingly receive,
Quicken'd your ſoul by faith divine,
An everlaſting life ſhall live.

HYMN II.

A prayer for one convinced of ſin.

1 FATHER of lights, from whom proceeds,
Whate'er thy ev'ry creature need,
Whoſe goodneſs providently nigh,
Feeds the young ravens when they cry:
To thee I look; my heart prepare;
Suggeſt, and harken to my prayer.

2 Since by thy light myſelf I ſee
Naked, and poor, and void of thee,
Thine eyes muſt all my thoughts ſurvey,
Preventing what my lips would ſay:
Thou ſeeſt my wants: for help they call,
And e'er I ſpeak, thou know'ſt them all.

3 Thou know'ſt the baſeneſs of my mind,
Wayward, and impotent, and blind;

Thou know'ſt how unſubdu'd my will;
Averſe to good and prone to ill:
Thou know'ſt how wide my paſſions rove,
Nor check'd by fear, nor charm'd by love.

4 Fain will I know, as known by thee,
And feel the indigence I ſee:
Fain would I all my vileneſs own,
And deep beneath the burthen groan;
Abhor the pride that lurks within,
Deteſt and loath myſelf and ſin.

5 Ah! give me, Lord, myſelf to feel,
My total miſery reveal;
Ah! give me, Lord, (I ſtill would ſay)
An heart to mourn, an heart to pray,
My buſineſs this my chiefeſt care,
My life, my ev'ry breath be prayer.

6 Scarce I begin my ſad complaint,
When all my warmeſt wiſhes faint:
Hardly I lift my weeping eye,
When all my kindling ardours die:
Nor hopes nor fears my boſom move,
For ſtill I cannot, cannot love.

7 Father, I want a thankful heart,
I want to taſte how good thou art,
To plunge me in thy mercy's ſea,
And comprehend thy love to me;
The length and breadth, and depth and heighth,
Of love divinely infinite.

8 Father I long my ſoul to raiſe,
And dwell for ever on thy praiſe.
Thy praiſe with glorious joy to tell,
In extaſy unſpeakable;
While the full power of faith I know,
And reign triumphant here below.

HYMN III.

Divine Love.

1 THOU hidden love of God, whoſe height,
Whoſe depth unfathom'd no man knows;
I ſee from far thy beauteous light,
Inly I ſigh for thy repoſe:
My heart is pain'd, nor can it be
At reſt, 'till it finds reſt in thee.

2 Thy ſecret voice invites me ſtill,
The ſweetneſs of thy yoke to prove:
And fain I would: but tho' my will
Seem fix'd, yet wide my paſſions rove;
Yet hindrances ſtrew all the way:
I am at thee, yet from thee ſtray.

3 'Tis mercy all, that thou haſt brought
My mind to ſeek her peace in thee:
Yet while I ſeek, but find thee not,
No peace my wand'ring ſoul ſhall ſee;
O when ſhall all my wand'rings end,
And all my ſteps to thee-ward tend!

4 Is there a thing beneath the ſun,
That ſtrives with thee my heart to ſhare?
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of ev'ry motion there:
Then ſhall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repoſe in thee.

5 O hide this ſelf from me, that I
No more, but Chriſt in me may live;
My vile affections crucify,
Nor let one darling luſt ſurvive;
In all things may I nothing ſee,
Nothing deſire or ſeek but thee.

6 O love thy ſov'reign aid impart,
To ſave me from low-thoughted care:
Chaſe this ſelf-will thro' all my heart,
Thro' all its latent mazes there:
Make me thy duteous child that I
Ceaſeleſs my abba, father, cry!

7 Ah no! ne'er will I backward turn:
Thine wholly, thine alone I am!
Thrice happy he who views with ſcorn
Earth's toys, for thee his conſtant flame;
O help that I may never move
From the bleſt footſteps of thy love!

8 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits thy call:
Speak to my inmoſt ſoul and ſay,
I am thy love, thy God, thy all!
To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
To taſte thy love, be all my choice.

HYMN IV.

The means of grace.

1 SUFFICE for me that thou my Lord,
Haſt bid me faſt and pray;
Thy will be done, thy name ador'd
'Tis only mine t'obey.

2 Thou bidſt me ſearch the ſacred leaves,
And taſte the hallow'd bread:
The kind command my ſoul receives,
And longs on thee to feed.

3 Still for thy loving-kindneſs, Lord,
I in thy temple wait:
I long to find thee in thy word,
Or at thy table meet.

4 Here in thine own *appointed ways*
I wait to learn thy will;

Silent I ſtand before thy face,
And hear thee ſay, *Be ſtill!*

5 Be ſtill and know that I God!
'Tis all I live to know,
To feel the virtue of thy blood,
And ſpread its praiſe below.

6 I wait my vigour to renew,
Thine image to retrieve,
The veil of outward things paſs thro'
And graſp in thee to live.

7 I work, and own the labour vain:
And thus from works I ceaſe;
I ſtrive, and ſee my fruitleſs pain:
'Till God create my peace.

8 Fruitleſs, 'till thou thyſelf impart,
Muſt all my efforts prove;
They cannot change a ſinful heart,
They cannot purchaſe love.

9 I do the things thy laws enjoin,
And *then* the ſtrife give o'er,
To thee I *then* the whole reſign,
I truſt in means no more.

10 I truſt in him who ſtands between
The Father's wrath and me;
Jeſu, thou great eternal mean,
I look for all from thee.

HYMN V.

A paſſion hymn.

1 YE that paſs by, behold the man!
The man of griefs condemned for you!
The Lamb of God for ſinners ſlain,
Weeping to *Calvary* purſue.

2 See how his back the ſcourges tear,
While to the bloody pillar bound!
The plowers make long furrows there,
'Till all his body is one wound.

3 Nor can he thus their hate aſſuage:
His innocence to death purſu'd,
Muſt fully glut their utmoſt rage:
Hark, how they clamour for his blood!

4 Againſt his God the creature calls:
Accus'd and ſentenc'd by the breath
Himſelf inſpir'd, their Maker falls:
The Lord of life is doom'd to death.

5 His ſacred limbs they ſtretch, they tear,
With nails they faſten to the wood;
His ſacred limbs —— expos'd and bear,
Or only cover'd with his blood!

6 See there! his temples crown'd with thorn!
His bleeding hands extended wide!
His ſtreaming feet, transfix'd and torn!
The fountain guſhing from his ſide!

7 Where is the king of glory now?
The everlaſting Son of God?
T' Immortal hangs his languid brow,
Th' Almighty faints beneath his load!

8 Beneath *my* load he faints and dies!
I fill'd his ſoul with pangs unknown,
I caus'd thoſe mortal groans and cries,
I killed the Father's only Son.

Part the ſecond.

9 O Thou dear ſuffering Son of God,
How doth thy heart to ſinners move!
Help me to catch thy precious blood,
Help me to taſte thy dying love.

10 Give me to feel thy agonies,
One drop of thy ſad cup afford:
I fain with thee would ſympathize,
And ſhare the ſuff'rings of my Lord.

11 The earth could to her center quake,
Convuls'd while her Creator dy'd;
O let mine inmoſt nature ſhade,
And die with Jeſus crucify'd.

12 At thy laſt gaſp the graves diſplay'd
Their horrors to the upper ſkies;
O that my ſoul might burſt the ſhade,
And quicken'd by my death ariſe.

13 The rocks could feel thy powerful death,
And tremble, and aſunder part;
O rend with thine expiring breath
The harder marble of my heart.

14 My ſtony heart thy voice ſhall rent,
Thou wilt, I truſt, the veil remove,
My inmoſt bowels ſhall reſent
The yearnings of thy dying love.

15 Thy grace I ſurely ſhall receive,
Thy death hath bought the grace for me:
This is my whole deſire to live,
To live, and then to die, in thee.

HYMN VI.

Looking unto Jeſus.

1 REGARDLESS now of things below,
Jeſus, to thee my heart aſpires,
Determin'd thee alone to know,
Author and end of my deſires:
Fill me with righteouſneſs divine;
To end, as to begin, is thine.

2 What is a worthleſs worm to thee?
What is in man thy grace to move?
That ſtill thou ſeekeſt thoſe who flee
The arms of thy purſuing love:
That ſtill thy inmoſt bowels cry,
Why, ſinner, wilt thou periſh, why?

3 Ah! ſhew me Lord, my depth of ſin,
Ah! Lord thy depth of mercy ſhew
End, Jeſus, end this war within:
No reſt my ſpirit e'er ſhall know,
'Till thou thy quick'ning influence give,
Breathe, Lord, and theſe dry bones ſhall live.

4 There, there before the throne thou art,
The Lamb e'er earth's foundation ſlain:
Take thou, O take this guilty heart;
Thy blood will waſh out every ſtain:
No croſs, no ſuffering, I decline,
Only let all my heart be thine.

HYMN VII.

The ſame.

1 JESUS in whom the weary find
Their late, but parmanent repoſe,
Phyſician of the ſin-ſick mind,
Relieve my wants, aſſuage my woes,
And let my ſoul on thee be caſt,
'Till life's fierce tyranny is paſt.

2 Loos'd from my God, and far remov'd,
Long have I wander'd too and fro,
O'er earth in endleſs circles rov'd,
Nor found whereon to reſt below;
Back to my God at laſt I fly,
For O! the waters ſtill are high.

3 Selfiſh purſuits and nature's maze
The things of earth for thee I leave:
Put forth thine hand, thine hand of grace,
Into the ark of love receive;
Take this poor flutt'ring ſoul to reſt,
And lodge it, Saviour, in thy breaſt.

4 Fill with inviolable peace,
'Stabliſh and keep my ſettled heart;
In thee may all my wand'rings ceaſe,
From thee no more may I depart,
Thine utmoſt goodneſs call'd to prove,
Lov'd with an everlaſting love.

HYMN VIII.

Wretched, and miſerable, and poor and blind and naked.

1 WRETCHED, helpleſs and diſtreſt,
Ah! whither ſhall I fly?
Ever Graſping after reſt,
I cannot find it nigh:
Naked, ſick, and poor, and blind,
Faſt bound in ſin and miſery,
Friend of ſinners let me find
My help, my all in thee.

2 Who my miſery can relate,
My depth of woe reveal?
I have left my firſt eſtate,
In hapleſs *Adam* fell:
Driven out of mine abode,
I now have loſt my perfect bliſs,
Fallen, fallen out of God,
And baniſh'd paradiſe.

3 I am all unclean, unclean,
Thy purity I want,
My whole heart is ſick of ſin,
And my whole head is faint:

Full of putrifying ſores,
Of bruiſes, and of wounds, my ſoul
Looks to Jeſus, help implores,
And gaſps to be made whole.

4 In the wilderneſs I ſtray,
My fooliſh heart is blind,
Nothing do I know; the way
Of peace I cannot find:
Jeſus, Lord, reſtore my ſight,
And take, O take the veil away,
Turn my darkneſs into light,
My midnight into day.

Part the ſecond.

5 NAKED of thine image, Lord,
Forſaken and alone,
Unrenew'd and unreſtor'd,
I have not thee put on;
Over me thy mantle ſpread,
Send down thy likeneſs from above,
Let thy goodneſs be diſplay'd,
And wrap me in thy love.

6 Poor, alas! thou know'ſt I am,
And would be poorer ſtill,
See my nakedneſs and ſhame,
And all my vileneſs feel:
No good thing in me reſides,
My ſoul is all an aching void,
'Till thy ſpirit here abides,
And I am fill'd with God.

7 Jeſu, full of truth and grace,
In thee is all I want;
Be the wanderers reſting-place
A cordial to the faint;
Make me rich, for I am poor,
In thee may I mine *Eden* find;
To the dying, health reſtore,
And eye-ſight to the blind.

3 Clothe me with thy holineſs,
Thy meek humility;
Put me on thy glorious dreſs,
Endue my ſoul with thee;
Let thine image be reſtor'd,
Thy name and nature let me prove,
With thy fullneſs fill me, Lord,
And perfect me in love.

HYMN IX.

A prayer to Chriſt.

1 LAMB of God, for ſinners ſlain,
To thee I feebly pray,
Heal me of my grief and pain,
O take my ſins away!
From this bondage, Lord releaſe,
No longer let me be oppreſt;
Jeſus, maſter, ſeal my peace,
And take me to thy breaſt.

2 Haſt thou not invited all
Who groan beneath their ſin?
Weary I obey thy call,
And come to be made clean:
Give my burthen'd conſcience eaſe,
O grant me now the promis'd reſt;
Jeſus, maſter, ſeal my peace,
And take me to thy breaſt.

3 Wilt thou caſt a ſinner out,
Who humbly comes to thee?
No my God, I cannot doubt,
Thy mercy is for me;
Let me then obtain the grace,
And be of paradiſe poſſeſt:
Jeſus, maſter, ſeal my peace,
And take me to thy breaſt.

4 Worldly good I do not want,
Be that to others given:
Only for thy love I pant,
My all in earth and heaven:
This the crown I fain would ſeize,
The good wherewith I would be bleſt:
Jeſus, maſter, ſeal my peace,
And take me to thy breaſt.

5 This delight I fain would prove,
And then reſign my breath,
Join the happy few, whoſe love
Was mightier than death:
Let it not my Lord diſpleaſe,
That I would die to be thy gueſt:
Jeſus maſter, ſeal my peace,
And take me, to thy breaſt.

HYMN X.

Fear not, only believe!

1 PRIS'NERS of hope, lift up your heads,
The day of liberty draws near;
Jeſus who on the ſerpent treads,
Shall ſoon in your behalf appear;
The Lord ſhall to his temple come,
Prepare your hearts to make him room.

2 Lord, we confeſs our ſins to thee,
In ſin we were conceiv'd and born;
Plung'd in the depth of miſery,
We never can to thee return,
'Till thou our fallen ſouls convert,
And give the new believing heart.

3 Now if thou canſt with-hold thy grace,
From ſinners hungry, mournful, poor,
Who aſk thy love, who ſeek thy face,
Who ever knock at mercy's door:

At Jeſu's feet who humbly lie,
Reſolv'd at Jeſu's feet to die.

4 Yes, Lord, we muſt believe thee kind,
Thou never canſt unfaithful prove;
Surely we ſhall thy mercy find,
Who aſk, ſhall all receive thy love:
Nor canſt thou it to me deny,
I aſk, the chief of ſinners, I.

5 O ye of fearful hearts, be ſtrong,
Your down caſt hands and eyes lift up,
Ye ſhall not be forgotten long,
Hope to the end, in Jeſus hope;
Tell him, ye wait his grace to prove,
And cannot fail, if God is love.

6 Pris'ners of hope, be ſtrong, be bold,
Caſt of your doubts diſdain to fear,
Dare to believe, on Chriſt lay hold,
Wreſtle with Chriſt in mighty pray'r;
Tell him, we will not let thee go,
'Till we thy name, thy nature know.

HYMN XI.

MAT. v. 3, &c. *Bleſſed are the poor in ſpirit.*

1 JESU, if ſtill the ſame thou art,
If all thy promiſes are ſure,
Set up thy kingdom in my heart,
And make me rich for I am poor:
To me be all thy treaſures given,
The kingdom of an inward heaven.

2 Thou haſt pronounc'd the mourner bleſt;
And lo! for thee I ever mourn:
I cannot; no, I will not reſt,
'Till thou, mine only reſt, return:
'Till thou the Prince of Peace, appear,
And I receive the Comforter.

3 Where is the bleſſedneſs beſtow'd
On all that hunger after thee!
I hunger now, I thirſt for God;
See the poor fainting ſinner, ſee;
And ſatisfy with endleſs peace,
And fill me with thy righteouſneſs.

4 Shine on thy work diſperſe the gloom,
Light in thy light I then ſhall ſee:
Say to my ſoul, "thy light is come,
"Glory divine is riſen on thee,
"Thy warfare's paſt thy mourning's o'er,
"Look up, for thou ſhalt weep no more."

5 Lord, I believe the promiſe ſure,
And truſt thou wilt not long delay,
Hungry and ſorrowful, and poor;
Upon thy word myſelf I ſtay;
Into thy hands my all reſign,
And wait till all thou art is mine.

HYMN XII.

In temptation.

1 JESU, lover of my ſoul,
Let me to thy boſom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempeſt ſtill is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
'Till the ſtorm of life is paſt;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my ſoul at laſt.

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpleſs ſoul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still ſupport and comfort me;
All my truſt on thee is ſtayed,
All my help from thee I bring:
Cover my defenceleſs head
With the ſhadow of thy wing,

3 Thou, O Chriſt, art all I want,
More than all in thee I find:
Raiſe the fallen, chear the faint,
Heal the ſick and lead the blind.
Juſt and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteouſneſs;
Falſe, and full of ſin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my ſin:
Let the healing ſtreams abound,
Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart,
Riſe to all eternity.

HYMN XIII.

He ſhall ſave his people from their ſins.

1 JESUS, in whom the Godhead's rays,
Beam forth with milder majeſty;
I ſee thee full of truth and grace,
And come for all I want to thee.

2 Wrathful, impure, and proud I am,
Nor conſtancy nor ſtrength I have;
But thou, O Lord art ſtill the ſame,
And haſt not loſt thy power to ſave.

3 Save me from pride, the plague expel,
Jeſu, thine humble ſelf impart;
O let thy mind within me dwell!
O give me lowlineſs of heart!

4 Enter thyſelf, and caſt out ſin,
Thy ſpotleſs purity beſtow;
Touch me, and make the leper clean,
Waſh me, and I am white as ſnow.

5 Fury is not in thee, my God;
O why ſhould it be found in thine,
Sprinkle me, Saviour, with thy blood,
And all thy gentleneſs is mine.

6 Pour but thy blood upon the flame,
Meek, and diſpaſſionate, and mild,
The leopard ſinks into a lamb,
And I become a little child.

HYMN XIV.

A prayer to Chriſt.

1 I Thirſt, thou wounded lamb of God,
To waſh me in thy cleanſing blood,
To dwell within thy wounds; then pain
Is ſweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take this poor heart, and let it be
For ever clos'd to all but thee!
Seal thou my breaſt, and let me wear
That pledge of love for ever there.

3 How bleſt are they, who ſtill abide,
Cloſe ſhelter'd in thy bleeding ſide!
Who life and ſtrength from thence derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live.

4 What are our works, but ſin and death,
'Till thou thy quick'ning ſpirit breathe?
Thou giv'ſt the power thy grace to move:
O wond'rous grace! O boundleſs love!

5 How can it be thou heavenly king,
That thou ſhould'ſt us to glory bring:
Make ſlaves the partners of thy throne,
Deck'd with a never-fading crown?

6 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are loſt: nor will we know,

Nor will we think of ought beſide
My Lord, my love is crucify'd!

7 Ah! Lord, enlarge our ſcanty thought,
To know the wonders thou haſt wrought!
Unlooſe our ſtammering tongues to tell
Thy love immenſe, unſearchable.

8 Firſt-born of many brethren, thou;
To thee, lo! all our ſouls we bow,
To thee our hearts and hands we give,
Thine may we die, thine may we live!

HYMN XV.

Theſe things were written for our inſtruction.

1 JESU, if ſtill thou are to-day
As yeſterday the ſame,
Preſent to heal, in me diſplay
The virtue of thy name.

2 If ſtill thou go'ſt about to do
Thy needy creatures good;
On me that I thy praiſe may ſhew,
Be all thy wonders ſhew'd.

3 Now, Lord to whom for help I call,
Thy miracles repeat;
With pitying eyes behold me fall
A leper at thy feet.

4 Loathſome, and foul, and ſelf-abhor'd,
I ſink beneath my ſin;
But if thou wilt, a gracious word
Of thine, can make me clean.

5 Thou ſeeſt me deaf to thy commands,
Open, O Lord mine ear;
Bid me ſtretch out my wither'd hands,
And lift them up in prayer.

6 Silent, (alas! thou know'ſt how long!)
My voice I cannot raiſe:
But O! when thou ſhalt looſe my tongue,
The dumb ſhall ſing thy praiſe.

7 Lame at the pool I ſtill am found:
Give, and my ſtrength employ;
Light as an hart I then ſhall bound,
The lame ſhall leap for joy.

8 Blind from my birth to guilt and thee,
And dark I am within:
The love of God I cannot ſee,
The ſinfulneſs of ſin.

9 But thou, they ſay, art paſſing by:
O let me find thee near!
Jeſus, in mercy hear my cry,
Thou ſon of *David* hear!

10 Long have I waited in the way,
For thee the heav'nly light;
Command me to be brought and ſay,
Sinner receive thy ſight!

Part the ſecond.

11 WHILE dead in treſpaſſes I lie,
Thy quick'ning ſpirit give;
Call me, thou ſon of God, that I
May hear thy voice and live.

12 While full of anguiſh and diſeaſe,
My weak diſtemper'd ſoul,
Thy love compaſſionately ſees,
O let it make me whole.

13 While torn by helliſh pride I cry,
By legion luſt poſſeſt,
Son of the living God, draw nigh,
And ſpeak me into reſt.

14 Caſt out thy foes, and let them ſtill
To Jeſu's name ſubmit;
Clothe with thy righteouſneſs, and heal,
And place me at thy feet.

15 To Jeſu's name if all things now
A trembling homage pay,
O let my ſtubborn ſpirit bow,
My ſtiff-neck'd will obey.

16 Impotent, dumb, and deaf, and blind,
And ſick and poor I am:
But ſure a remedy to find
For all in Jeſu's name.

17 I know in thee all fullneſs dwells,
And all for wretched man;
Fill ev'ry want my ſpirit feels,
And break off ev'ry chain.

18 If thou impart thyſelf to me,
No other good I need:
If thou the Son ſhalt make me free,
I ſhall be free indeed.

19 I cannot reſt 'till in thy blood
I full redemption have:
But thou, thro' whom I come to God,
Canſt to the utmoſt ſave.

20 From ſin, the guilt, the power the pain,
Thou wilt redeem my ſoul;
Lord, I believe, and not in vain;
My faith ſhall make me whole.

21 I too with thee ſhall walk in white;
With all thy ſaints ſhall prove,
What is the length, and breadth, and height,
And depth of Jeſu's love.

HYMN XVI.

A ſinner's prayer.

1 GOD of my ſalvation, hear,
And help me to believe;
Simply do I now draw near,
Thy bleſſing to receive
Full of guilt, alas! I am,
But to thy wounds for refuge flee;
Friend of ſinners, ſpotleſs Lamb,
Thy blood was ſhed for me.

2 Standing now as newly ſlain;
To thee I lift mine eye,
Balm of all my grief and pain,
Thy blood is always nigh:
Now as yeſterday the ſame
Thou art, and wilt for ever be:
Friend of ſinners, ſpotleſs Lamb,
Thy blood was ſhed for me.

3 Nothing have I, Lord to pay,
Nor can thy grace procure,
Empty ſend me not away,
For I, thou know'ſt am poor:
Duſt and aſhes is my name,
My all is ſin and miſery,
Friend of ſinners, ſpotleſs Lamb,
Thy blood was ſhed for me.

4 No good word, or work, or thought,
Bring I to buy thy grace:
Pardon I accept unbought,
Thy proffer I embrace:
Coming as at firſt I came,
To take and not beſtow on thee:
Friend of ſinners, ſpotleſs Lamb,
Thy blood was ſhed for me.

5 Saviour, from thy wounded ſide
I never will depart,
Here will I my ſpirit hide,
When I am poor in heart:
'Till my place above I claim,
This only ſhall be all my plea,
Friend of ſinners, ſpotleſs Lamb,
Thy blood was ſhed for me.

HYMN XVII.

Another.

1 WHEN, gracious Lord, when ſhall it be
That I ſhall find my all in thee,
The fullneſs of thy promiſe prove,
The ſeal of thine eternal love?

2 A poor blind child I wander here,
If haply I may feel thee near;
O dark, dark, dark, (I ſtill muſt ſay)
Amidſt the blaze of goſpel-day!

3 Thee only thee I fain would find,
And caſt the world and fleſh behind;
Thou, only thou to me be given,
Of all thou haſt in earth or heaven.

4 When from the arm of fleſh ſet free,
Jeſu, my ſoul ſhall fly to thee;
Jeſu, when I have loſt my all,
My ſoul ſhall on thy boſom fall.

5 Whom man forſakes thou wilt not leave,
Ready the outcaſts to receive,
Tho' all my ſimpleneſs I own:
And all my faults to thee are known.

6 Ah! wherefore did I ever doubt?
Thou wilt in no wiſe caſt me out,

An helpleſs ſoul that comes to thee
With only ſin and miſery.

7 Lord, I am ſick; my ſickneſs cure;
I want; do thou enrich the poor:
Under thy mighty hand I ſtoop,
O lift the abject ſinner up.

8 Lord, I am blind; be thou my ſight:
Lord, I am weak; be thou my might:
An helper of the helpleſs be,
And let me find my all in thee.

HYMN XVIII.

Another.

1 O My Lord, what muſt I do?
Only thou the way canſt ſhew,
Thou canſt ſave me in this hour,
I have neither will nor power:
God if over all thou art,
Greater than the ſinful heart,
Let it now on me be ſhown,
Take away the heart of ſtone.

2 Take away my darling ſin,
Make me willing to be clean,
Make me willing to receive
What thy goodneſs waits to give:
Force me, Lord, with all to part,
Tear theſe idols from my heart,
All thy power on me be ſhewn,
Take away the heart of ſtone.

3 Jeſu, mighty to renew,
Work in me to will and do,
Turn my nature's rapid tide
Stem the torrent of my pride:

Stop the whirlwind of my will,
Speak, and bid the ſun ſtand ſtill,
Now thy love almighty ſhew,
Make ev'n me a creature new.

4 Arm of God thy ſtrength put on,
Bow the heavens and come down;
All mine unbelief o'erthrow,
Lay th' aſpiring mountain low:
Conquer thy worſt foe in me,
Get thyſelf the victory,
Save the vileſt of the race,
Force me to be ſav'd by grace.

HYMN XIX.

Make me a clean heart, O God, Pſal. li. 10.

1 O For an heart, to praiſe my God!
An heart from ſin ſet free,
An heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely ſpilt for me;

2 An heart reſign'd, ſubmiſſive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne,
Where only Chriſt is heard to ſpeak,
Where Jeſus reigns alone.

3 An humble, lowly contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within.

4 An heart in every thought renew'd,
And fill'd with love divine,
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord of thine.

5 Thy tender heart is ſtill the ſame,
And melts at human woe;
Jeſu, for thee diſtreſt I am,
I want thy love to know.

6 My heart thou know'ſt can never reſt,
'Till thou create my peace,
'Till of mine *Eden* repoſſeſt,
From ſelf, and ſin I ceaſe.

7 Fruit of thy gracious lips, on me
Beſtow the peace unknown,
The hidden manna, and the tree
Of life, and the white ſtone.

8 Thy nature, gracious Lord impart,
Come quickly from above,
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new beſt name of love.

HYMN XX.

Longing for Chriſt.

1 O Thou, whom fain my ſoul would love,
Whom I would gladly die to know;
This veil of unbelief remove,
And ſhew me all thy goodneſs, ſhew:
Jeſu, thyſelf in me reveal,
Tell me thy name, thy nature tell.

2 Haſt thou been with me, Lord, ſo long,
Yet thee, my Lord, have I not known?
I claim thee with a fault'ring tongue,
I pray thee in a feeble groan:
Tell me, O tell me who thou art,
And ſpeak thy name into my heart.

3 If now thou talkeſt by the way,
With ſuch an abject worm as me,
Thy myſteries of grace diſplay,
Open mine eyes that I may ſee;
That I may underſtand thy word;
And now cry out, *It is the Lord!*

HYMN XXI.

The reſignation.

1 AND wilt thou yet be found
And may I ſtill draw near?
Then liſten to the planitive ſound
Of a poor ſinner's prayer.
Jeſu, thine aid afford,
If ſtill the ſame thou art:
To thee I look, to thee my Lord,
Lift up an helpleſs heart.

2 When ſhall thy love conſtrain
And force me to thy breaſt?
When ſhall my ſoul return again
To her eternal reſt?
Ah what avails my ſtrife,
My wand'ring to and fro!
Thou haſt the words of endleſs life,
Ah! whither ſhould I go?

3 Thy condeſcending grace
To me did freely move:
It calls me ſtill to ſeek thy face,
And ſtoops to aſk my love:
Lord, at thy feet I fall,
I groan to be ſet free,
I fain would now obey the call,
And give up all for thee.

4 To reſcue me from woe,
Thou didſt with all things part,
Didſt lead a ſuffering life below,
To gain my worthleſs heart:
My worthleſs heart to gain,
The God of all that breathe,
Was found in faſhion as a man,
And died a curſed death.

Part the ſecond.

5 AND can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my ſoul from earth away,
For Jeſus to receive?
Nay, but I yield, I yield!
I can hold out no more:
I ſink by dying love compell'd,
And own thee conqueror,

6 Tho' late I all forſake,
My friends, my all reſign:
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And ſeal me ever thine:
Come, and poſſeſs me whole,
Nor hence again remove:
Settle and fix my wav'ring ſoul
With all thy weight of love.

7 My one deſire be this,
Thy only love to know,
To ſeek and taſte no other bliſs,
No other good below.
My life, my portion thou,
Thou all-ſufficient art;
My hope, my heavenly treaſure, now
Enter, and keep my heart.

8 Rather than let it burn
For earth, O quench its heat:
Then, when it would to earth return,
O let it ceaſe to beat;
Snatch me from ill to come,
When I from thee would fly,
O take my wand'ring ſpirit home,
And grant me then to die!

HYMN XXII.

The ſame.

1 O That my load of ſin were gone!
O that I could at laſt ſubmit
At Jeſu's feet to lay it down,
To lay my ſoul at Jeſu's feet!

2 When ſhall mine eyes behold the Lamb,
The God of my ſalvation ſee!
Weary, O Lord, thou knoweſt I am;
Yet ſtill I cannot come to thee.

3 Reſt for my ſoul I long to find,
Saviour, if mine indeed thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And ſtamp thy image on my heart.

4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,
Thy light and eaſy burthen prove,
The croſs all ſtain'd with hallow'd blood,
The labour of thy dying love.

5 This moment would I take it up,
And after my dear Maſter bear,
With thee aſcend to *Calv'ry*'s top,
And bow my head and ſuffer there.

6 I would; but thou muſt give the power,
My heart from every ſin releaſe;
Being near, being near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

7 Come Lord, the drooping ſinner chear,
Nor let thy chariot-weels delay:
Appear in my poor heart, appear,
My God, my Saviour, come away!

HYMN XXIII.

A prayer againſt the power of ſin.

1 O That thou wouldſt the heavens rent,
In majeſty come dorwn,
Stretch out thine arm omnipotent,
And ſeize me for thine own.

2 Deſcend and let thy lightning burn
The ſtubble of thy foe:
My ſins o'erturn, o'erturn, o'erturn,
And make the mountains flow.

3 Thou my impetuous ſpirit guide
And curb my head-ſtrong will;
Thou only canſt drive back the tide,
And bid the ſun ſtand ſtill.

4 What tho' I cannot break my chain,
Or e'er throw off my load,
The things impoſſible to men
Are poſſible to God.

5 Is any thing too hard for thee
Almighty Lord of all:
Whoſe threatning looks dry up the ſea,
And make the mountains fall?

6 Who, who ſhall in thy preſence ſtand
And match omnipotence?
Ungraſp the hold of thy right-hand,
Or pluck the ſinner thence?

7 Sworn to deſtroy, let earth aſſail,
Nearer to ſave thou art;
Stronger than all the powers of hell,
And greater than my heart.

8 Lo! to the hills I lift mine eye,
Thy promiſs'd help I claim;
Father of mercies, glorify
Thy fav'rite Jeſu's name!

9 Salvation in that name is found,
Balm of my grief and care:
A med'cine for my every wound,
All, all I want is there!

Part the ſecond.

10 JESU! Redeemer, Saviour, Lord,
The weary ſinner's friend,
Come to my help, pronounce the word
And bid my troubles end.

11 Deliverance to my ſoul proclaim,
And life, and liberty,
Shed forth the virtue of thy name,
And Jeſus prove to me.

12 Faith to be healed thou know'ſt I have,
For thou that faith haſt given:
Thou canſt, thou canſt the ſinner ſave,
And make me meet for heaven.

13 Thou canſt o'ercome this heart of mine;
Thou wilt victorious prove;
For everlaſting ſtrength is thine,
And everlaſting love.

14 Thy powerful ſpirit ſhall ſubdue
Unconquerable ſin;
Cleanſe this foul heart, and make it new,
And write thy law within.

15 Bound down with twice ten thouſand ties,
Yet let me hear thy call,
My ſoul in confidence ſhall riſe,
Shall riſe, and break through all.

16 Speak and the deaf ſhall hear thy voice,
The blind his ſight receive,
The dumb in ſongs of praiſe rejoice,
The heart of ſtone believe.

17 The Ethiope then ſhall change his ſkin,
The dead ſhall feel thy power,
The loathſome leper ſhall be clean,
And I ſhall ſin no more.

HYMN XXIV.

Deſiring to love.

1 O Love, I languiſh at thy ſtay,
I pine for thee with ling'ring ſmart,
Weary and faint thro' long delay,
When wilt thou come into my heart:
From ſin and ſorrow ſet me free,
And ſwallow up my ſoul in thee?

2 Come, O thou univerſal good,
Balm of the wounded conſcience come,
The hungry, dying ſpirit's food,
The weary, wand'ring pilgrim's home,
Haven to take the ſhipwreck'd in,
My everlaſting reſt from ſin.

3 Be thou, O Love, what'ere I want,
Support my feebleneſs of mind,
Relieve the thirſty ſoul, the faint
Revive, illuminate the blind:
The mournful chear, the drooping lead,
And heal the ſick, and raiſe the dead.

4 Come, O my comfort and delight,
My ſtrength, and health, my ſhield and ſun,
My boaſt and confidence and might,
My joy my glory and my crown;
My goſpel-hope, my calling's prize,
My tree of life, my paradiſe.

5 The ſecret of the Lord thou art,
The myſtery ſo long unknown,
Chriſt in a pure believing heart,
The name inſcrib'd in the white ſtone,
The life divine, the little leaven,
My precious pearl, my preſent heaven.

Part the Second.

6 O Love divine, what haſt thou done!
Th' immortal God hath died for me;
The Father's co-eternal Son
Bore all my ſins upon the tree!
Th' immortal God for me hath died,
My Lord, my love is crucified!

7 Behold him all ye that paſs by,
The bleeding Prince of life and peace;
Come, ſee ye worms, your Maker die,
And ſay, was ever grief like his!
Come, feel with me his blood applied!
My Lord, my love is crucified!

8 Is crucified for me and you,
To bring us rebels back to God:
Believe, believe the record true,
We all are bought with Jeſu's blood;
Pardon and life flow from his ſide,
My Lord, my love is crucified!

9 Then let us ſit beneath his croſs,
And gladly catch the healing ſtream,
All things for him account but loſs,
And give up all our hearts to him,
Of nothing ſpeak or think beſide,
My Lord, my love is crucified!

HYMN XXV.

Groaning for the ſpirit of adoption.

1 FATHER, if thou my father art,
Send forth the ſpirit of thy ſon,
Breathe him into my panting heart,
And make me know as I am known:
Make me thy conſcious child, that I,
May Father, Abba, Father cry!

2 I want the ſpirit of power within,
Of love and of an healthful mind;
Of power to conquer inbred ſin,
Of love to thee, and all mankind,
Of health that pain and death defies,
Moſt vig'rous when the body dies.

3 When ſhall I hear the inward voice,
Which only faithful ſouls can hear!
Pardon, and peace and heavenly joys,
Attend the promis'd Comforter;
He comes! and righteouſneſs divine,
And Chriſt, and all with Chriſt, is mine.

4 O that the Comforter would come,
Nor viſit as a tranſient gueſt,
But fix in me his conſtant home,
And keep poſſeſſion of my breaſt;
And make my ſoul his lov'd abode,
The temple of in-dwelling God!

5 Come, Holy Ghoſt, my heart inſpire,
Atteſt that I am born again;
Come, and baptize me now with fire,
Or all thy former gifts are vain:
Where is the ſenſe of ſin forgiven?
Where is the earneſt of my heaven?

6 Where the indubitable ſeal,
That aſcertains the kingdom mine?
The powerful ſtamp I long to feel,
The ſignature of love divine:
O ſhed it in my heart abroad,
Fulneſs of love, of heaven, of God.

HYMN XXVI.

Micah vi. 6, *&c.*

1 WHerewith, O Lord, ſhall I draw near,
And bow myſelf before thy face?
How in thy purer eyes appear?
What ſhall I bring to gain thy grace?

2 Will gifts delight the Lord moſt high?
Will multiplied oblations pleaſe?
Thouſands of rams his favour buy
Or ſlaughter'd hecatombs appeaſe?

3 Can theſe aſſuage the wrath of God?
Can theſe waſh out my guilty ſtain?
Rivers of oil, and ſeas of blood,
Alas! they all muſt flow in vain!

4 What have I then wherein to truſt?
I nothing have, I nothing am;
Excluded is my every boaſt,
My glory ſwallow'd up in ſhame.

5 Guilty I ſtand before thy face;
I feel on me thy wrath abide:
'Tis juſt the ſentence ſhould take place,
'Tis juſt—but O thy Son hath died!

6 Jeſus, the Lamb of God, hath bled,
He bore our ſins upon the tree,
Beneath our curſe he bow'd his head;
'Tis finiſh'd! he hath died for me!

7 For me I now believe he died:
He made my every crime his own,
Fully for me he ſatisfied:
Father well-pleas'd, behold thy ſon.

8 See where before thy throne he ſtands;
And pours the all-prevailing prayer,
Points to his ſide, and lifts his hands,
And ſhews that I am graven there!

9 He ever lives for me to pray,
He prays that I with him might reign:
Amen, to what my Lord doth ſay:
Jeſu, thou canſt not pray in vain.

HYMN XXVII.

Redemption found.

1 NOW I have found the ground, wherein
Sure my ſoul's anchor may remain;
The wounds of Jeſus for my ſin
Before the world's foundation ſlain:
Whoſe mercy ſhall unſhaken ſtay
When heaven and earth are fled away.

2 Father thine everlaſting grace,
Our ſcanty thoughts ſurpaſſes far:
Thine heart ſtill melts with tenderneſs,
Thine arms of love ſtill open are,
Returning ſinners to receive,
That mercy they may taſte and live.

3 O love, thou bottomleſs abyſs!
My ſins are ſwallow'd up in thee,
Cover'd is mine unrighteouſneſs,
Nor ſpot of guilt remains on me,
While Jeſu's blood, thro' earth and ſkies,
Mercy free, boundleſs mercy cries.

4 With faith I plunge me in the ſea,
Here is my hope, my joy, my reſt;
Hither, when hell aſſails, I flee,
I look into my Saviour's breaſt;
Away, ſad doubt, and anxious fear!
Mercy is all that's written there.

5 Tho' waves and ſtorms go o'er my head,
Tho' ſtrength and health, and friends be gone
Tho' joys be wither'd all and dead,
Tho' every comfort be withdrawn,
On this my ſtedfaſt ſoul relies,
Father thy mercy never dies.

6 Fix'd on this ground will I remain,
Tho' my heart fail, and fleſh decay:
This anchor ſhall my ſoul ſuſtain,
When earth's foundations melt away;
Mercy's full power I then ſhall prove,
Lov'd with an everlaſting love.

HYMN XXVIII.

The ſame.

1 HOLY Lamb, who thee receive,
Who in thee begin to live,
Day and night they cry to thee,
As thou art ſo let us be!

2 Jeſu, ſee my panting breaſt,
See I pant in thee to reſt!
Gladly would I now be clean,
Cleanſe me now from every ſin.

3 Fix, O fix my wav'ring mind,
To thy croſs my ſpirit bind,
Earthly paſſions far remove,
Swallow up my ſoul in love.

4 Duſt and aſhes tho' we be
Full of guilt and miſery,

Thine we are thou Son of God
Take the purchaſe of thy blood.

5 Who in heart on thee believes,
He th' atonement now receives,
He with joy beholds thy face,
Triumphs in thy pard'ning grace.

6 See ye ſinners, ſee the flame,
Riſing from the ſlaughter'd Lamb!
Mark the new, the living way,
Leading to eternal day.

7 Jeſus when this light we ſee,
All our ſoul's on fire for thee;
When thy ſoft'ning power we prove,
All our heart diſſolves in love.

8 Boundleſs wiſdom, power divine,
Love unſpeakable are thine:
Praiſe by all to thee be given,
Sons of earth, and hoſts of heaven.

HYMN XXIX.

CHRIST *our righteouſneſs.*

1 JESU, thou art my righteouſneſs,
For all my ſins were thine:
Thy death hath bought of God my peace,
Thy life hath made him mine.

2 Spotleſs and juſt in thee I am;
I feel my ſins forgiven;
I taſte ſalvation in thy name,
And antedate my heaven.

3 For ever here my reſt ſhall be,
Cloſe to thy bleeding ſide;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
For ME the Saviour died.

4 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and ſin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanſe and keep me clean.

5 Waſh me and ſeal me thus thine own,
Waſh me, and mine thou art;
Waſh me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head my heart.

6 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
'Till faith to ſight improve,
'Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my ſoul is love.

HYMN XXX.

CHRIST *our ſanctification.*

1 JESUS my life, thyſelf apply,
Thine hallowing Spirit breathe;
My vile affections crucify,
Conform me to thy death.

2 Conqu'ror of hell, and earth, and ſin,
Still with thy rebel ſtrive;
Enter my ſoul and work within,
And kill, and make alive.

3 More of thy life, and more I have,
As the old Adam dies;
Bury me, Saviour, in thy grave,
That I with thee may riſe,

4 Reign in me, Lord; thy foes controul,
Who would not own thy ſway;
Diffuſe thine image thro' my ſoul,
Shine to the perfect day.

5 Scatter the laſt remains of ſin,
And ſeal me thine abode,
O make me glorious all within,
A temple built by God.

6 Mine inward holineſs thou art,
For faith hath made thee mine:
With all thy fulneſs fill my heart,
'Till all I am is thine.

HYMN XXXI.

Gratitude for our converſion.

1 THEE will I love my ſtrength, my tower,
Thee will I love, my joy, my crown,
Thee will I love with all my power,
In all my works, and thee alone;
Thee will I love, 'till the pure fire
Fill my whole ſoul with chaſte deſire.

2 Ah! why did I ſo late thee know,
Thee lovelier than the ſons of men;
Ah! why did I no ſooner go,
To thee, the only eaſe in pain;
Aſham'd I ſigh, and inly mourn,
That I ſo late to thee did turn.

3 In darkneſs willingly I ſtray'd;
I ſought thee, yet from thee I rov'd:
Far wide my wand'ring thoughts were ſpread,
Thy creatures more than thee I lov'd:
And now if more at length I ſee,
'Tis through thy light, and comes from thee.

4 I thank thee uncreated Son,
That thy bright beams on me have ſhin'd,
I thank thee, who haſt overthrown
My foes, and heal'd my wounded mind:
I thank thee whoſe enliv'ning voice
Bids my freed heart in thee rejoice.

5 Uphold me in the doubtful race,
Nor ſuffer me again to ſtray:
Strengthen my feet with ſteady pace
Still to preſs forward in thy way:

My ſoul and fleſh, O Lord of might,
Fill, ſatiate with thy heavenly light.

6 Give to mine eyes refreſhing tears,
Give to my heart chaſte hallow'd fires,
Give to my ſoul, with filial fears,
The love that all heaven's hoſt inſpires,
That all my powers with all their might,
In thy ſole glory may unite.

7 Thee will I love my joy, my crown,
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God,
Thee will I love, beneath thy frown
Or ſmile, thy ſcepter or thy rod:
What tho' my fleſh and heart decay,
Thee ſhall I love in endleſs day.

HYMN XXXII.

CHRIST *the friend of ſinners.*

1 WHERE ſhall my wond'ring ſoul begin?
How ſhall I all to heaven aſpire?
A ſlave redeem'd from death and ſin,
A brand pluck'd from eternal fire!
How ſhall I equal triumphs raiſe,
And ſing my great deliverer's praiſe?

2 O how ſhall I thy goodneſs tell,
Father which thou to me haſt ſhew'd,
That I, a child of wrath and hell,
I ſhould be call'd a child of God!
Should know, ſhould feel my ſins forgiven,
Bleſt with this antepaſt of heaven.

3 And ſhall I ſlight my fathers love,
Or baſely fear his gifts to own!
Unmindful of his favours prove?
Shall I, the hallow'd croſs to ſhun,
Refuſe his righteouſneſs t' impart,
By hiding it within my heart?

No; tho' the antient dragon rage,
And call forth all his hoſt to war,
Tho' earth's ſelf-righteous ſons engage,
Them, and their god, alike I dare;
Jeſus, the ſinner's friend proclaim,
Jeſus, to ſinners ſtill the ſame.

5 Outcaſt of men, to you I call,
Harlots, and publicans, and thieves;
He ſpreads his arms t'embrace you all,
Sinners alone his grace receives;
No need of him the righteous have,
He came the loſt to ſeek and ſave.

6 Come, all ye *Magdalen*'s in luſt,
Ye ruffians fell in murders old!
Repent and live, deſpair and truſt;
Jeſus, for you to death was ſold;
Tho' hell proteſt, and earth repine,
He died for crimes like yours and mine.

7 Come, O my guilty brethren, come,
Groaning beneath your load of ſin!
His bleeding heart ſhall make you room,
His open ſide ſhall take you in:
He calls you now, invites you home,
Come, O my guilty brethren, come.

8 For you the purple current flow'd,
In pardons from his wounded ſide:
Languiſh'd for you th' eternal God;
For you the prince of glory died:
Believe, and all your ſin's forgiven,
Only believe! and your's is heaven.

HYMN XXXIII.

Subjection to CHRIST.

1 JESU, to thee my heart I bow;
Strange flames far from my ſoul remove:
Faireſt among ten thouſand thou,
Be thou my Lord, my life, love.

2 All heaven thou fill'ſt with pure deſire:
O ſhine upon my frozen breaſt;
With ſacred love my heart inſpire,
May I too thy hid ſweetneſs taſte.

3 I ſee thy garments roll'd in blood,
Thy ſtreaming head, thy hands, thy ſide:
All hail, thou ſuffering, conquering God!
Now man ſhall live, for God hath died!

4 O kill in me this rebel ſin,
And triumph o'er my willing breaſt;
Reſtore thine image, Lord therein,
And lead me to thy Father's reſt.

5 Ye earthly loves, be far away!
Saviour be thou my love alone;
No more may mine uſurp the ſway,
But in me thy great will be done.

6 Yea, thou true witneſs, ſpotleſs Lamb,
All things for thee I count but loſs;
My ſole deſire, my conſtant aim,
My only glory be thy croſs!

HYMN XXXIV.

On the crucifixion.

1 BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind,
Nail'd to the ſhameful tree!
How vaſt the love that him inclin'd
To bleed and die for thee!

2 Hark how he groans, while nature ſhakes,
And earth's ſtrong pillars bend!
The temple's veil in ſunder breaks,
The ſolid marbles rend.

3 'Tis done! the precious ranſom's paid:
Receive my ſoul, he cries;
See, where he bows his ſacred head,
He bows his head and dies!

4 But ſoon he'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory ſhine;
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine!

HYMN XXXV.

Living by CHRIST.

1 JESU, thy boundleſs love to me,
No thought can reach, no tongue declare,
O knit my thankful heart to thee,
And reign without a rival there;
Thine wholly, thine alone I am;
Be thou alone my conſtant flame.

2 O grant that nothing in my ſoul
May dwell, but thy pure love alone:
O may thy love poſſeſs me whole,
My joy, my treaſure and my crown;
Strange fires far from my ſoul remove;
My every act, word thought, be love.

3 O love how chearing is thy ray!
All pain before thy preſence flies;
Care, anguiſh, ſorrow, melt away,
Where'er thy healing ſtreams ariſe,
O Jeſu, nothing may I ſee,
Nothing hear, feel, or think, but thee.

4 Unwearied may I this purſue,
Dauntleſs to the high prize aſpire;
Hourly within my breaſt renew
This holy flame, this heavenly fire;
And day and night be all my care,
To guard this ſacred treaſure there.

5 My Saviour, thou thy love to me,
In want, in pain, in ſhame haſt ſhew'd,
For me on the accurſed tree
Thou pouredſt forth thy guiltleſs blood
Thy wounds upon my heart impreſs,
Nor ought ſhall the lov'd ſtamp efface.

6 More hard than marble is my heart,
And foul with ſins of deepeſt ſtain:
But thou the mighty Saviour art,
Nor flow'd thy cleanſing blood in vain:
Ah! ſoften, melt this rock; and may
Thy blood waſh all my ſtains away.

7 Oh that my heart, which open ſtands,
Might catch each drop, that torturing pain,
Arm'd by my ſins, wrung from thy hands,
Thy feet, thy head, thy every vein:
That ſtill my breaſt may heave with ſighs,
Still tears of love o'erflow my eyes.

8 O that I, as a little child,
May follow thee, nor never reſt,
'Till ſweetly thou haſt pour'd thy mild
And lowly mind into my breaſt!
Nor ever may we parted be,
'Till I become one ſpirit with thee.

Part the ſecond.

9 O Draw me, Saviour, after thee,
So ſhall I run, and never tire:
With gracious words ſtill comfort me,
Be thou my hope, my ſole deſire:
Free me from every weight; nor fear,
Nor ſin can come, if thou art near.

10 My health, my light, my life, my crown,
My portion and my treaſure thou;
O take me, ſeal me for thine own,
To thee alone my ſoul I bow:

Without thee all is pain; my mind
Repoſe in nought but thee can find.

11 Howe'er I rove, where'er I turn,
In thee alone is all my reſt;
Be thou my theme, within me burn,
Jeſu, and I in thee am bleſt;
Thou art the balm of life, my ſoul
Is faint; O ſave, O make it whole!

12 What in thy love poſſeſs I not?
My ſtar by night, my ſun by day,
My ſpring of life, when parch'd with drought,
My wine to chear, my bread to ſtay,
My ſtrength, my ſhield, my ſafe abode,
My robe before the throne of God.

13 Ah! love, thine influence withdrawn,
What profits me that I was born?
All my delight, my joy is gone,
Nor know I peace 'till thou return:
Thee may I ſeek, 'till I attain,
And never may we part again.

14 From all eternity with love
Unchangeable thou haſt me view'd;
E'er knew this beating heart to move:
Thy tender mercies me purſu'd:
Ever with me may they abide,
And cloſe me in on every ſide.

15 Sill let thy love point out my way,
(How wond'rous things thy love hath [wrought!]
Still lead me, leſt I go aſtray,
Direct my work, inſpire my thought;
And when I fall, ſoon may I hear
Thy voice, and know that love is near.

16 In ſuff'ring be thy love my peace,
In weakneſs be thy love my power:

And when the ſtorms of life ſhall ceaſe,
Jeſu, in that important hour:
In death as life, be thou my guide,
And ſave me, who for me haſt died.

HYMN XXXVI.

God's *love to mankind.*

1 O God, of good th' unfathom'd ſea,
Who would not give his heart to thee?
Who would not love thee with his might?
O Jeſu, lover of mankind,
Who would not his whole ſoul and mind,
With all his ſtrength to thee unite?

2 Thou ſhin'ſt with everlaſting rays;
Before the inſufferable blaze,
Angels with both wings veil their eyes;
Yet free as air thy bounty ſtreams
On all thy works, thy mercy's beams,
Diffuſive as thy ſun's ariſe.

3 Aſtoniſh'd at thy frowning brow,
Earth, hell, and heaven's ſtrong pillars bow,
Terrible majeſty is thine!
Who then can that vaſt love expreſs,
Which bows thee down to me, who leſs
Than nothing am, 'till thou art mine?

4 High-thron'd on heaven's eternal hill,
In number, weight, and meaſure ſtill
Thou ſweetly order'ſt all that is:
And yet thou deign'ſt to come to me,
And guide my ſteps that I with thee
Inthron'd, may reign in endleſs bliſs.

5 Fountain of good all bleſſing flows
From thee; no want thy fulneſs knows:
What but thyſelf canſt thou deſire?

Yes; ſelf-ſufficient as thou art,
Thou doſt deſire my worthleſs heart
This only this thou doſt require.

6 Primeval beauty! In thy ſight
The firſt-born faireſt ſons of light,
See all their brighteſt glories fade;
What then to me thine eyes could turn,
In ſin conceived, of woman born,
A worm, a leaf, a blaſt, a ſhade!

7 Hell's armies tremble at thy nod,
And trembling own th' almighty God,
Sov'reign of earth, hell, air, and ſky;
But who is this that comes from far,
Whoſe garments roll'd in blood appear?
'Tis God made man, for man to die.

8 O God of good th' unfathom'd ſea,
Who would not give his heart to thee?
Who would not love thee with his might?
O Jeſu, lover of mankind,
Who would not his whole ſoul and mind,
With all his ſtrength to thee unite?

HYMN XXXVII.

Truſt in providence.

1 COMMIT thou all thy griefs,
And ways into his hands,
To his ſure truth and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands:
Who points the clouds their courſe,
Whom winds and ſeas obey,
He ſhall direct thy wand'ring feet
He ſhall prepare thy way.

2 Thou on the Lord rely,
So ſafe ſhalt thou go on,
Fix on his work thy ſtedfaſt eye,
So ſhall thy work be done:
No profit canſt thou gain
By ſelf-conſuming care:
To him commend thy cauſe, his ear
Attends the ſofteſt prayer.

3 Thine everlaſting truth,
Father, thy ceaſeleſs love,
Sees all thy children's wants, and knows
What beſt for each will prove;
And whatſoe'er thou will'ſt,
Thou doſt, O king of kings:
What thine unerring wiſdom choſe,
Thy power to being brings.

4 Thou every were haſt way,
And all things ſerve thy might,
Thy every act pure bleſſing is,
Thy path unſullied light.
When thou ariſeſt, Lord,
What ſhall thy work withſtand?
When all thy children want, thou giv'ſt;
Who, who ſhall ſtay thy hand?

Part the ſecond.

5 GIVE to the winds thy fears,
Hope and be undiſmay'd;
God hears thy ſighs, and counts thy tears,
God ſhall lift up thy head:
Thro' waves, and clouds and ſtorms,
He gently clears the way;
Wait thou his time ſo ſhall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

6 Still heavy is thy heart?
Still ſink thy ſpirits down?
Caſt off the weight, let fear depart,
And every care be gone:

What tho' thou ruleſt not?
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell,
Proclaim God ſitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

7 Leave to his ſov'reign ſway
To chuſe and to command,
So ſhalt thou wond'ring own his way,
How wiſe, how ſtrong his hand:
Far, far above thy thought,
His counſel ſhall appear,
When fully he the work hath wrought,
That caus'd thy needleſs fear.

8 Thou ſeeſt our weakneſs, Lord,
Our hearts are known to thee,
O lift thou up the ſinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee!
Let us in life, in death,
Thy ſtedfaſt truth declare,
And publiſh with our lateſt breath,
Thy love and guardian care.

HYMN XXXVIII.

Iſaiah xliii. 1, 2.

1 PEACE, doubtful heart, my God's I am:
Who form'd me man, forbids my fear:
The Lord hath call'd me by my name;
The Lord protects, for ever near:
His blood for me did once atone,
And ſtill he loves, and guards his own.

2 When paſſing thro' the watry deep,
I aſk in faith his promis'd aid:
The waves an awful diſtance keep,
And ſhrink from my devoted head:
Fearleſs their violence I dare:
They cannot harm, for God is there!

3 To him my eyes of faith I turn,
And thro' the fire purſue my way:
The fire forgets its power to burn,
The lambent flames around me play:
I own his power, accept the ſign,
And ſhout to prove the Saviour mine.

4 Still nigh me, O my Saviour ſtand,
And guard in fierce temptation's hour,
Hide in the hollow of thy hand,
Shew forth in me thy ſaving power:
Still be thy arms my ſure defence;
Nor earth, nor hell ſhall pluck me thence.

5 Since thou haſt bid me come to thee
(Good as thou art, and ſtrong to ſave)
I'll walk o'er life's tempeſtuous ſea,
Up-borne by the unyielding wave;
Dauntleſs tho' rocks of pride be near,
And yawning whirlpools of deſpair!

6 When darkneſs intercepts the ſkies,
And ſorrow's waves around me roll,
When high the ſtorms of paſſion riſe,
And half o'erwhelm my ſinking ſoul;
My ſoul a ſudden power ſhall feel,
And hear a whiſper, Peace, *Be ſtill.*

7 Tho' in afflictions furnace tried,
Unhurt, on ſnares and death I'll tread;
Tho' ſin aſſail, and hell thrown wide,
Pour all its flames upon my head:
Like *Moſes'* buſh I'll mount the higher,
And flouriſh unconſum'd in fire.

HYMN XXXIX.

Wreſtling Jacob.

1 COME, O thou traveller unknown,
Whom ſtill I hold, but cannot ſee,
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee:
With thee all night I mean to ſtay,
And wreſtle 'till the break of day.

2 I need not tell thee who I am,
My miſery or ſin declare;
Thyſelf haſt call'd me by my name:
Look on thy hands and read it there:
But who, I aſk thee, who art thou thou?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

3 In vain thou ſtruggleſt to get free,
I never will unlooſe my hold:
Art thou the man that died for me?
The ſecret of thy love unfold:
Wreſtling, I will not let thee go,
'Till I thy name, thy nature know.

4 Wilt thou not yet to me reveal,
Thy new unutterable name?
O tell me, I beſeech thee, tell;
To know it now reſolv'd I am:
Wreſtling, I will not let thee go,
'Till I thy name thy nature know.

5 'Tis all in vain to hold thy tongue,
Or touch the hollow of my thigh;
Tho' every ſinew were unſtrung,
Out of my arms thou ſhalt not fly:
Wreſtling, I will not let thee go,
'Till I thy name, thy nature know.

6 What tho' my ſhrinking fleſh complain,
And murmur to contend ſo long,
I riſe ſuperior to my pain,
When I am weak, then I am ſtrong:
And when my all of ſtrength doth fail,
I ſhall with the GOD-MAN prevail.

7 My ſtrength is gone, my nature dies,
I ſink beneath thy weighty hand,
Faint to revive, and fall to riſe,
I fall, and yet by faith I ſtand:
I ſtand, and will not let thee go,
'Till I thy name, thy nature know.

Part the ſecond.

8 YIELD to me now, for I am weak;
But confident in ſelf-deſpair!
Speak to my heart in bleſſings ſpeak,
Be conquer'd by my inſtant prayer:
Speak, or thou never hence ſhalt move,
And tell me if thy name is love.

9 'Tis love! 'tis love! thou diedſt for me;
I hear thy whiſper in my heart:
The morning breaks, the ſhadows flee;
Pure univerſal love thou art:
To me, to all, thy bowels move,
Thy nature and thy name is love.

10 My prayer hath power with God, the grace
Unſpeakable I now receive;
Thro' faith I ſee thee face to face,
I ſee thee face to face, and live!
In vain I have not wept and ſtrove,
Thy nature and thy name is love.

11 I know thee, Saviour, who thou art,
Jeſus, the feeble ſinner's friend;
Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
But ſtay, and love me to the end:

Thy mercies never ſhall remove,
Thy nature and thy name is love.

12 The Son of righteouſneſs on me
Hath roſe, with healing in his wings;
Wither'd my nature's ſtrength; from thee
My ſoul its life and ſuccour brings;
My help is all laid up above,
Thy nature and thy name is love.

13 Contented now upon my thigh,
I halt 'till life's ſhort journey end;
All helpleſſneſs, all weakneſs, I
On thee alone for ſtrength depend;
Nor have I power from thee to move;
Thy nature and thy name is love.

14 Lame as I am, I take the prey,
Hell, earth, and ſin, with eaſe o'ercome;
I leap for joy, purſue my way,
And as a bounding hart fly home,
Thro' all eternity to prove
Thy nature and thy name is love.

HYMN XL.

To CHRIST.

1 ARISE, my ſoul, ariſe,
Thy Saviour's ſacrifice!
All the names that love could find,
All the forms that love could take,
Jeſus in himſelf hath join'd
Thee my ſoul his own to make.

2 Equal with God moſt high,
He laid his glory by;
He th' eternal God, was born,
Man with men he deign'd t'appear,
Object of his creature's ſcorn,
Pleas'd a *ſervant*'s form to wear.

3 Hail everlasting Lord,
Divine incarnate *word!*
Thee let all my powers confess,
Thee my latest breath proclaim!
Help, ye angel choirs to bless,
Shout the lov'd *Immanuel's* name.

4 Fruit of a virgin's womb,
The promis'd blessing's come:
Christ the Father's hope of old,
Christ, the *woman's* conqu'ring seed,
Christ, the Saviour, long foretold,
Born to bruise the Serpent's head.

5 Refulgent from afar
See the bright *morning-star!*
See the *day-spring* from on high,
Late in deepest darkness rise!
Night recedes, the shadows fly,
Flame with day the opening skies.

6 He shines on earth ador'd,
The *presence of the* Lord,
God, the mighty God and true,
God by highest heaven confest,
Stands display'd to mortal view,
God, supreme for ever blest.

Part the second.

7 JESU, to thee I bow,
Th' almighty's *fellow* thou!
Thou the Father's only Son,
Pleas'd he ever is in thee,
Just and holy thou alone,
Full of truth and grace for me.

8 High above every name,
Jesus, the great I AM;

Bows to Jeſus every knee,
Things in heaven, and earth, and hell:
Saints adore him, dæmons flee,
Fiends and men, and angels feel.

9 He left his throne above,
Emptied of all but love:
Whom the heavens cannot contain,
God vouchaf'd a worm t'appear,
Lord of glory, ſon of *man*,
Poor, and vile, and abject here.

10 His own on earth he ſought,
His own receiv'd him not:
Him a ſign by all blaſphem'd
Outcaſt and deſpis'd of men:
Him they all a madman deem'd,
Bold to ſcoff the *Nazarene*.

11 Hail *Galilean* king!
Thy humble ſtate I ſing;
Never ſhall my triumph end:
Hail, derided Majeſty!
Jeſus, hail! the ſinner's friend!
Friend of publicans—and me.

12 Hail, the life-giving Lord!
Divine engrafted word!
Thee *the life* our ſouls have found,
Thee *the reſurrection* prov'd:
Dead we heard the quick'ning ſound,
Own'd thy voice, believ'd, and lov'd.

13 With thee gone up on high,
We live no more to die:
Firſt and *laſt* we feel thee now,
Witneſſing thy empty tomb,
Alpha and *Omega* thou
Waſt, and art, and art to come.

HYMN XLI.

To CHRIST.

1 SAVIOUR, the world's and mine,
Was ever grief like thine!
Thou my pain and curſe haſt took,
All my ſins were laid on thee:
Help, me, Lord, to thee I look
Draw me Saviour, after thee.

2 'Tis done! my God hath died,
My love is crucified!
Break this ſtony heart of mine,
Pour my eyes a ceaſeleſs flood,
Feel my ſoul, the pangs divine,
Catch my heart the iſſuing blood!

3 When, O my God, ſhall I
For thee ſubmit to die?
How the mighty debt repay,
Rival of thy paſſion prove?
Lead me in thyſelf the way,
Melt my hardneſs into love.

4 To love is all my wiſh,
I only live for this?
Grant me, Lord, my heart's deſire,
There by faith for ever dwell:
This I always will require,
Thee, and only thee, to feel.

5 Thy power I pant to prove,
Rooted and fix'd in love:
Strengthen'd by thy Spirit's might,
Wiſe to fathom things divine,
What the length, and breadth, and height,
What the depth of love like thine!

6 Ah! give me this to know,
With all thy ſaints below!

Swells my ſoul to compaſs thee,
Gaſps in thee to live and move,
Fill'd with all the deity,
All immer'ſt and loſt in love.

HYMN XLII.

To CHRIST.

1 STILL, O my ſoul, prolong,
The never-ceaſing ſong!
Chriſt my theme, my hope, my joy;
His be all my happy days,
Praiſe my every hour employ,
Every breath be ſpent in praiſe.

2 His would I wholly be,
Who liv'd and died for me;
Grief was all his life below,
Pain, and poverty, and loſs;
Mine the ſins that bruis'd him ſo,
Scourg'd and nail'd him to the croſs.

3 He bore the curſe of all,
A ſpotleſs criminal:
Burthen'd with a world of guilt,
Blacken'd with imputed ſin,
Man to ſave, his blood he ſpilt,
Died to make the ſinner clean.

4 Join earth and heaven to bleſs,
The Lord our righteouſneſs:
Myſtery of redemption this,
This the Saviour's ſtrange deſign,
Man's offence was counted his,
Ours his righteouſneſs divine.

5 In him complete we ſhine,
His life and death is mine.

Fully am I juſtified,
Free from ſin and more than free;
Guiltleſs, ſince for me he died,
Righteous, ſince he died for me.

6 Jeſu, to thee I bow,
Sav'd to the utmoſt now:
O the depth of love divine!
Who thy wiſdom's ſtore can tell?
Knowledge infinite is thine,
All thy ways unſearchable!

HYMN XLIII.

To CHRIST *the King.*

1 JESU, thou art our king,
To me thy ſuccour bring,
Chriſt the mighty one art thou,
Help for all on thee is laid:
This the word, I claim it now,
Send me now the promis'd aid.

2 High on thy Father's throne,
O look with pity down!
Help, O help! attend my call,
Captive lead captivity!
King of Glory, Lord of all,
Chriſt, be Lord, be king to me.

3 I pant to feel thy ſway,
And only thee t'obey:
Thee my ſpirit gaſps to meet;
This my one, my ceaſeleſs prayer,
Make, O make my heart thy ſeat,
O ſet up thy kingdom there!

4 Triumph and reign in me,
And ſpread thy victory;

Hell, and death, and ſin controul,
Pride, ſelf-love and every foe,
All ſubdue: thro' all my ſoul
Conquering, and to conquer go.

HYMN XLIV.

Invitation of ſinners to CHRIST.

1 O For a thouſand tongues to ſing
My dear Redeemer's praiſe!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.

2 My glorious Maſter and my God,
Aſſiſt me to proclaim,
To ſpread thro' all the earth abroad
The honours of thy name.

3 Jeſus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our ſorrows ceaſe;
'Tis muſic in the ſinners ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancel'd ſin,
He ſets the priſoners free:
His blood can make the foulеſt clean:
His blood avail'd for me.

5 He ſpeaks! and liſtening to his voice,
New life the dead receive,
The mournful broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

6 Hear him ye deaf; his praiſe, ye dumb,
Your looſen'd tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

7 Look unto him ye nations, own
Your God, ye fallen race;
Look and be ſav'd thro' faith alone,
Be juſtified by grace.

8 Harlots, and publicans, and thieves,
In holy triumph join!
Sav'd is the ſinner that believes
From crimes, as great as mine.

9 Murtherers, and all the helliſh crew,
Blacken'd with luſt and pride,
Believe the Saviour died for you,
For you the Saviour died.

10 Awake from guilty nature's ſleep,
And Chriſt ſhall give you light,
Caſt all your ſins into the deep,
And waſh the *Ethiop* white.

11 With me, your chief ye then ſhall *know*,
Shall *feel* your ſins forgiven,
Anticipate your heaven below,
And own that love is heaven.

HYMN XLV.

The Saviour glorified by all.

1 THOU, Jeſu, art our king,
Thy ceaſeleſs praiſe we ſing;
Praiſe ſhall our glad tongues employ,
Praiſe o'erflow our grateful ſoul,
While we vital breath enjoy,
While eternal ages roll.

2 Thou art th' eternal light,
That ſhin'ſt in deepeſt night;

Wond'dring gaze the angelic train
While thou bowd'ſt the heaven's beneath,
God with God wert man with man,
Man to ſave from endleſs death.

3 Thou for our pain didſt mourn,
Thou haſt our ſickneſs borne;
All our ſins on thee were laid,
Thou with unexampled grace,
All the mighty debt haſt paid,
Due from *Adam*'s helpleſs race.

4 Thou haſt o'erthown the foe,
God's kingdom fixt below;
Conqu'ror of all adverſe power;
Thou heaven's gates haſt open'd wide,
Thou thine own doſt lead ſecure,
In thy croſs and by thy ſide.

5 Enthron'd above yon ſky
Thou reign'ſt with God moſt high,
Proſtrate at thy feet we fall:
Power ſupreme to thee be given:
Thee the righteous Lord of all,
Sons of earth and hoſts of heaven.

6 Cherubs and Seraphs join
And in thy praiſe combine:
All their choirs thy glories ſing,
Who ſhall dare with thee to vie?
Mighty Lord, eternal king,
Sovereign both of earth and ſky.

Part the ſecond.

7 HAIL venerable train,
Patriarchs, firſt-born of men;
Hail apoſtles of the Lamb,
By whoſe ſtrength ye faithful prov'd,
Join t'extol his ſacred name,
Whom in life and death ye lov'd.

8 The church thro' all her bounds,
With thy high praiſe reſounds;
Confeſſors undaunted here,
Unaſham'd proclaim their king,
Childrens feeble voices there,
To thy name hoſannas ſing.

9 Midſt danger's blackeſt frown
The hoſt of martyrs own:
Pain and ſhame alike they dare,
Firmly, ſingularly good,
Glorying thy croſs to bear,
'Till they ſeal their faith with blood.

10 Ev'n heathens feel thy power,
Thou ſuffering conqueror!
Thouſand virgins chaſt and clean,
From loves pleaſing witchcraft free,
Fairer than the ſons of men,
Conſecrate their hearts to thee.

11 Wide earth's remoteſt bound
Full of thy praiſe is found:
And all heaven's eternal day
With thy ſtreaming glory flames:
All thy foes ſhall melt away,
From th' inſufferable beams.

12 O Lord, O God of love,
Let us thy mercy prove!
King of all, with pitying eye,
Mark the toil, the pangs we feel;
'Midſt the ſnares of death we lie,
'Midſt the banded powers of hell.

13 Ariſe, ſtir up thy power,
Thou deathleſs conqueror!
Help us to obtain the prize,
Help us well to cloſe our race,
That with thee above the ſkies,
Endleſs joys we may poſſeſs.

HYMN XLVI.

I am determined to know nothing, ſave JESUS CHRIST *and him crucified.*

1 VAIN deluſive world adieu,
With all of creature good;
Only Jeſus I purſue,
Who bought me with his blood;
All thy pleaſures I forego,
I trample on thy wealth and pride,
Only Jeſus will I know,
And Jeſus crucified.

2 Other knowledge I diſdain,
'Tis all but vanity:
Chriſt, the Lamb of God, was ſlain,
He taſted death for me:
Me to ſave from endleſs woe,
The ſin-atoning victim died:
Only Jeſus will I know,
And Jeſus crucified.

3 Turning to my reſt again,
The Saviour I adore,
He relieves my grief and pain,
And bids me weep no more:
Rivers of ſalvation flow
From out his head, his hands, his ſide;
Only Jeſus will I know,
And Jeſus crucified.

4 Here will I ſet up my reſt,
My fluctuating heart
From the haven of his breaſt
Shall never more depart:

Whither ſhould a ſinner go?
His wounds for me ſtand open wide:
Only Jeſus will I know,
And Jeſus crucified.

Part the ſecond.

5 WHAT tho' all I am is ſin,
Sin cannot break my peace,
Here is blood to waſh me clean,
From all unrighteouſneſs:
This ſhall waſh me white as ſnow:
On this for all things I confide:
Only Jeſus will I know,
And Jeſus crucified.

6 What tho' earth and hell engage
To ſhake my ſoul with fear,
Calmly I defy the rage
Of perſecution near:
Suffering faith ſhall brighter glow,
As gold when in the furnace tried:
Only Jeſus will I know,
And Jeſus crucified.

7 Him to know is life and peace,
And pleaſure without end,
This is all my happineſs
On Jeſus to depend,
Daily in his grace to grow,
And ever in his faith abide;
Only Jeſus will I know,
And Jeſus crucified.

8 O that I could all invite,
This ſaving truth to prove!
Shew the length, and breadth, and height,
And depth of Jeſu's love;
Fain I would to ſinners ſhew
The blood by faith alone apply'd,
Only Jeſus will I know,
And Jeſus crucified.

9 Him in all my works I ſeek,
Who hung upon the tree,
Only of his love I ſpeak,
Who freely died for me:
While I ſojourn here below,
Of nothing will I think beſide;
Only Jeſus will I know,
And Jeſus crucified.

HYMN XLVII.

The ſame.

1 LET the world their virtue boaſt,
Their works of righteouſneſs;
I, a wretch undone and loſt,
Am freely ſav'd by grace:
Other title I diſclaim,
This, only this is all my plea,
I the chief of ſinners am,
But Jeſus died for me.

2 Let the ſtronger ſons of God
Their liberty aſſert,
Juſtly glory in the blood
That made them pure in heart:
I am full of guilt and ſhame,
My heart as black as hell I ſee;
I the chief of ſinners am,
But Jeſus died for me.

3 Happy they whoſe joys abound,
Like *Jordan*'s ſwelling ſtream,
Who their heaven in Chriſt have found,
And give the praiſe to him:
Let them triumph in his name,
Enjoy their full felicity:
I the chief of ſinners am,
But Jeſus died for me.

4 Bleſt are they, entirely bleſt,
Who can in him rejoice,
Lean on his beloved breaſt,
And hear the bridegroom's voice:
Meaneſt follower of the Lamb,
His ſteps I at a diſtance ſee,
I the chief of ſinners am,
But Jeſus died for me.

5 Surely he will lift me up,
For I of him have need;
I cannot give up my hope,
Tho' I am cold and dead:
To bring fire on earth he came,
O that it now might kindled be!
I the chief of ſinners am,
But Jeſus died for me.

6 Jeſus, thou for me haſt died,
And thou in me wilt live,
I ſhall feel thy death applied,
I ſhall thy life receive:
Yet when melted in the flame
Of love, this ſhall be all my plea:
I the chief of ſinners am,
But Jeſus died for me.

HYMN XLVIII.

To CHRIST *the Prophet.*

1 PROPHET on earth beſtow'd,
A teacher ſent from God,
Thee we welcome from above,
Sent the Father to reveal,
Sent to manifeſt his love,
Sent to teach his perfect will.

2 Ah! give us, Lord to know
Thine office here below;

Preach deliverance to the poor!
Sent for this, O Chriſt, thou art:
Jeſus, all our ſickneſs cure,
Bind thou up the broken heart.

3 Publiſh the joyful year
Of God's acceptance here,
Preach glad tidings to the meek,
Liberty to ſpirits bound,
Gracious free redemption ſpeak,
Spread thro' earth the goſpel-ſound.

4 Humbly behold we ſit,
And liſten at thy feet;
Never will we hence remove:
Lo! to thee our ſouls we bow:
Tell us of thy Father's love;
Speak; for Lord, we hear thee now.

5 Maſter, to us reveal,
His acceptable will:
Ever for thy law we wait:
Write it in our inward parts,
Our dark minds illuminate,
Grave thy kindneſs on our hearts.

6 Thou art the truth, the way,
O teach us how to pray;
Worſhip ſpiritual and true
Still inſtruct us how to give:
Let us pay the ſervice due,
Let us to God's glory live.

Part the ſecond.

7 HOLY and true the key,
Of *David* reſts on thee,
Come Meſſiah, all things tell,
Make us to ſalvation wiſe,
Shut the gates of death and hell,
Open, open paradiſe.

8 Witneſs within us place
The ſpirit of his grace;
Teach us inwardly and guide
By an unction from above,
Let it in our hearts abide,
Source of light, and life, and love.

9 Pronounce our happy doom,
And ſhew us things to come:
All the depths of love diſplay,
All the myſtery unfold,
Speak us ſeal'd to thy great day,
In thy book of life enroll'd!

10 Shepherd, ſecurely keep
Thy little flock of ſheep,
Call'd and gather'd into one,
Feed us, in green paſtures feed,
Make us quietly lie down,
By the ſtreams of comfort lead.

11 Thou, even thou art he,
Whom pain and ſorrow flee;
Comforter of all that mourn,
Let us by thy guidance come,
Crown'd with endleſs joy, return
To our everlaſting home.

HYMN XLIX.

CHRIST *protecting and ſanctifying.*

1 O Jeſus, ſource of calm repoſe,
Thy like nor man nor angel knows,
Faireſt among ten thouſand fair,
Ev'n thoſe whom death's ſad fetters bound,
Whom thickeſt darkneſs compaſs round,
Find light and life, if thou appear.

2 Effulgence of the light divine,
E're rolling planets knew to ſhine,
E're time its ceaſeleſs courſe began;
Thou when th' appointed time was come,
Did'ſt not abhor the virgin's womb,
But God with God wert man with man.

3 The world, ſin, death oppoſe in vain,
Thou by thy dying death haſt ſlain,
My great deliverer, and my God:
In vain does the old dragon rage,
In vain all hell its powers engage:
None can withſtand thy conqu'ring blood.

4 Lord over all, ſent to fulfil
Thy gracious Father's ſov'reign will,
To thy dread ſcepter will I bow:
With duteous reverence at thy feet,
Like humble *Mary*, lo I ſit,
Speak, Lord, thy ſervant heareth now.

5 Renew, thine image, Lord, in me,
Lowly and gentle may I be,
No charms but theſe to thee are dear:
No anger mayſt thou ever find,
No pride in my unruffled mind,
But faith and heav'n-born peace be there.

6 A patient, a victorious mind,
Which life and all things caſts behind,
Springs forth obedient to thy call;
An heart which no deſire can move,
But ſtill t'adore, believe and love,
Give me, my Lord, my life, my all.

HYMN L.

A thankſgiving.

1 O Heavenly King, look down from above,
Aſſiſt us to ſing, thy mercy and love:
So ſweetly o'erflowing ſo plenteous the ſtore,
Thou ſtill art beſtowing, and giving us more.

2 O God of our life, we hallow thy name,
Our buſineſs and ſtrife, is thee to proclaim;
Accept our thankſgiving for creating grace;
The living, the living, ſhall ſhew forth thy praiſe.

3 Our Father and Lord, almighty art thou:
Preſerv'd by thy word, we worſhip thee now,
The bountiful donor of all we enjoy! [ploy.
Our tongues to thine honour, and lives we em-

4 But O above all thy kindneſs we praiſe, [race;
From ſin and from thrall which ſaves the loſt,
Thy ſon thou haſt given, a world to redeem,
And bring us to heaven, whoſe truſt is in him.

5 Wherefore of thy love we ſing and rejoice,
With angels above we life up our voice,
Thy love each believer ſhall gladly adore,
For ever and ever when time is no more.

HYMN LI.

Another.

O What ſhall I do my Saviour to praiſe?
So faithful and true ſo plenteous in grace!
So ſtrong to deliver, ſo good to redeem,
The weakeſt believer that hangs upon him!

2 How happy the man whoſe heart is ſet free,
The people that can be joyful in thee!
Their joy is to walk in the light of thy face,
And ſtill they are talking of Jeſus's grace.

3 Their daily delight ſhall be in thy name,
They ſhall as their right, thy righteouſneſs claim;
Thy righteouſneſs wearing, and cleans'd by thy blood,
Bold ſhall they appear in the preſence of God.

4 For thou art their boaſt, their glory and pow'r,
And I alſo truſt to ſee the glad hour,
My ſoul's new creation, a life from the dead,
The day of ſalvation that lifts up my head.

5 For Jeſus, my Lord, is now my defence;
I truſt in his word none plucks me from thence,
Since I have found favour he all things will do,
My king and my Saviour ſhall make me anew.

6 Yes, Lord, I ſhall ſee the bliſs of thine own,
Thy ſecret to me ſhall ſoon be made known:
For ſorrow and ſadneſs I joy ſhall receive,
And ſhare in the gladneſs of all that believe.

HYMN LII.

Another.

1 O God of my ſalvation hear,
And help a ſinner to draw near
With boldneſs to the throne of grace:
Help me thy benefits to ſing,
And ſmile to ſee me feebly bring
My humble ſacrifice of praiſe.

2 I cannot praiſe thee as I would,
But thou art merciful and good:
I know thou never wilt deſpiſe,

The day of ſmall and feeble things,
But bear me 'till on eagle's wings
To all the heights of love I riſe.

3 A vile backſliding ſinner I
Ten thouſand deaths deſerve to die,
Yet ſtill by ſovereign grace I live:
Saviour to thee I ſtill look up,
I ſee an open door of hope,
And wait thy fulneſs to receive.

4 How ſhall I thank thee for the grace,
The truſt I have to ſee thy face,
When ſin ſhall all be purg'd away;
The night of fears and doubts is paſt,
The morning-ſtar appears at laſt,
And I ſhall ſee thy perfect day.

5 Already, Lord, I feel thy power,
Preſerv'd from evil every hour,
My great preſerver I proclaim;
Safety and ſtrength in thee I have,
I find, I find thee ſtrong to ſave
And know that Jeſus is thy name.

6 By faith I every moment ſtand,
Strangely upheld by thy right-hand,
I my own wickedneſs eſchew:
A ſinner I am kept from ſin,
And thou ſhalt make me pure within,
And thou ſhalt form my ſoul anew.

Part the ſecond.

7 I Thank thee whoſe atoning blood
Each moment interceeds with God,
Sprinkling my every word and thought:
God hears thy blood for mercy cry,
And paſſes all my follies by;
He ſees, but he imputes them not,

8 I ſin in every breath I draw,
Nor do thy will nor keep thy law,
On earth, as angels do above:
But ſtill the fountain open ſtands,
Waſhes my feet, and head, and hands,
'Till I am perfected in love.

9 Come then, and looſe my ſtamm'ring tongue,
Teach me the new, the goſpel-ſong,
And perfect in a babe thy praiſe:
I want a thouſand lives t'employ
In publiſhing the ſounds of joy,
The goſpel of thy pard'ning grace.

10 Come, Lord, thy ſpirit bids thee come,
Give me thyſelf, and take me home,
Be now the glorious earneſt given!
The counſel of thy grace fulfil,
Thy kingdom come, thy perfect will
Be done on earth, as 'tis in heaven.

HYMN LIII.

To the TRINITY.

1 GOD of unexhauſted grace,
Of everlaſting love,
Overpower'd before thy face
I fall and dare not move:
What haſt thou for ſinners done,
For ſo poor a worm as me?
Thou haſt given thine only Son,
To bring us back to thee.

2 Suffering, ſin-atoning God,
Thy hallow'd name I bleſs,
Jeſus, laviſh of thy blood,
To buy the ſinner's peace!

Guſhing from thy ſacred veins,
Let it now my ſoul o'erflow,
Purge out all my ſinful ſtains,
And waſh me white as ſnow.

3 Holy Ghoſt, ſet to thy ſeal,
The life of Jeſus breathe,
The deep things of God reveal,
Apply my Saviour's death:
With the Father and the Son,
Soon as one in thee I am;
All my nature ſhall make known,
The glories of the Lamb.

4 Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
Thy Godhead we adore,
Join with the triumphant hoſt
Who praiſe thee evermore:
Live by heaven and earth ador'd,
Three in One, and One in Three,
Holy, holy, holy, Lord,
All glory be to thee.

HYMN LIV.

The good fight.

1 OMnipotent Lord, my Saviour and King,
Thy ſuccour afford, thy righteouſneſs bring,
Thy promiſes bind thee compaſſion to have,
Now, now let me find thee almighty to ſave.

2 Rejoicing in hope, and patient in grief,
To thee I look up for certain relief:
I fear no denial, no danger I fear,
Nor ſtart from the trial, while Jeſus is near.

3 I every hour in jeopardy ſtand;
But thou art my power, and holdeſt my hand:

When yet I am calling, thy ſuccour I feel,
It ſaves me from falling, or plucks me from hell.

4 O who can explain this ſtruggle for life,
This travel and pain, this trembling and ſtrife?
Plague, earthquake, and famine, and tumult, and war,
The wonderful coming of Jeſus declare.

5 For every fight is dreadful and loud,
The warrior's delight is ſlaughter and blood;
His foes overturning 'till all ſhall expire:
But this is with burning, and fewel of fire.

6 Yet God is above men, devils, and ſin,
My Jeſus's love the battle ſhall win;
So terribly glorious his coming ſhall be,
His love all-victorious ſhall conquer for me.

7 He all ſhall break thro', his truth and his grace
Shall bring me into the plentiful place;
Thro' much tribulation, thro' water and fire,
Thro' floods of temptation, and flames of deſire.

8 On Jeſus, my power, till then I rely,
All evil before his preſence ſhall fly,
When I have my Saviour, my ſin ſhall depart,
And Jeſus for ever ſhall reign in my hear.

HYMN LV.

Recovery after a relapſe.

1 MY God, my God, to thee I cry,
Thee only would I know,
Thy purifying blood apply,
And waſh me white as ſnow.

2 Touch me and make the leper clean,
Purge mine iniquity:
Unleſs thou waſh my ſoul from ſin,
I have no part with thee.

3 Behold for me the victim bleeds,
His wounds are open'd wide:
For me the blood of ſprinkling pleads,
And ſpeaks me juſtified.

4 Thy wrath is in a moment o'er,
And pard'ning love takes place:
Aſſiſt me, Saviour, to adore
The riches of thy grace.

5 O could I loſe myſelf in thee,
Thy depth of mercy prove,
Thou vaſt unfathomable ſea,
Of unexhauſted love!

6 My humbled ſoul, when thou art near,
In duſt and aſhes lies:
How ſhall a ſinful worm appear,
Or meet thy purer eyes?

7 I loath myſelf when God I ſee
And into nothing fall,
Content, if thou exalted be,
And Chriſt is all in all.

HYMN LVI.

In doubt.

1 MY God I humbly call thee mine,
And will not quit my claim,
'Till all I have be loſt in thine,
And all renew'd I am.

2 I hold thee with a trembling hand,
But will not let thee go,
'Till ſtedfaſtly by faith I ſtand,
And all thy goodneſs know.

3 When ſhall I ſee the welcome hour,
That plants my God in me:
Spirit of health, and life, and power,
And perfect liberty.

4 Jeſu, thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad:
Then ſhall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fix'd in God.

5 Love only can the conqueſt win,
The ſtrength of ſin ſubdue;
(Mine own unconquerable ſin)
And form my ſoul anew.

6 Love can bow down the ſtubborn neck,
The ſtone to fleſh convert,
Soften, and melt and pierce, and break
An adamantine heart.

7 O that in me the ſacred fire,
Might now begin to glow:
Burn up the droſs of baſe deſire,
And make the mountains flow?

8 O that it now from heaven might fall
And all my ſins conſume!
Come, Holy Ghoſt, for thee I call,
Spirit of burning come.

9 Refining fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my ſoul,
Scatter thy life through every part,
And ſanctify the whole.

10 Sorrow and ſin ſhall then expire,
While enter'd into reſt,
I only live my God t'admire,
My God for ever bleſt.

11 No longer then my heart ſhall mourn,
While purified by grace,
I only for his glory burn,
And always ſee his face.

12 My ſtedfaſt ſoul from ſaling free,
Can now no longer move,
While Chriſt is all the world to me,
And all my heart is love.

HYMN. LVII.

A prayer for reſtoring grace.

1 JESUS, friend of ſinners, hear,
Yet once again I pray,
From my debt of ſin ſet clear,
For I have nought to pay:
Speak, O ſpeak the kind releaſe,
A poor backſliding ſoul reſtore:
Love me freely, ſeal my peace,
And bid me ſin no more.

2 Tho' my ſins as mountains riſe,
And ſwell and reach to heaven,
Mercy is above the ſkies,
I may be ſtill forgiven:
Infinite my ſins increaſe,
But greater is thy mercy's ſtore;
Love me freely, ſeal my peace,
And bid me ſin no more.

3 Sin's deceitfulneſs hath ſpread
An hardneſs o'er my heart,
But if thou thy Spirit ſhed,
The ſtony ſhall depart:
Shed thy love, thy tenderneſs,
And let me feel the ſoft'ning power,
Love me freely, ſeal my peace,
And bid me ſin no more.

4 From th' oppreſſive power of ſin
My ſtruggling ſpirit free,
Perfect righteouſneſs bring in,
Unſpotted purity;

Speak, and all this war ſhall ceaſe,
And ſin ſhall give its raging o'er:
Love me freely, ſeal my peace,
And bid me ſin no more.

5 For this only thing I pray,
And this I will require,
Take the power of ſin away,
Fill me with chaſte deſire:
Perfect me in holineſs,
Thine image to my ſoul reſtore,
Love me freely, ſeal my peace,
And bid me ſin no more.

HYMN LVIII.

After a recovery.

1 SON of God, if thy free grace
Again hath rais'd me up,
Call'd me ſtill to ſeek thy face,
And giv'n me back my hope;
Still thy timely help afford,
And all thy loving-kindneſs ſhew;
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go.

2 By me, O my Saviour, ſtand,
In ſore temptation's hour,
Save me with thine out-ſtretch'd hand,
And ſhew forth all thy power:
O be mindful of thy word,
Thine all-ſufficient grace beſtow;
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go.

3 Give me, Lord, an holy fear,
And fix it in my heart,
That I may from evil near
With ſpeedy care depart:

Sin be more than hell abhor'd,
Till thou deſtroy the tyrant foe;
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go.

4 Never let me leave thy breaſt,
From thee, my Saviour, ſtray:
Thou art my ſupport and reſt,
My true and living way:
My exceeding great reward,
In heaven above and earth below;
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go.

5 Never let me go, till I,
Upborne on wings of love,
Gain the regions of the ſky,
And take my ſeat above:
See thee by all heaven ador'd,
And all thy glorious fulneſs know;
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go,

HYMN LIX.

In danger.

1 O Almighty God of love,
Thine holy arm diſplay;
Send me ſuccour from above
In this my evil day:
Arm my weakneſs with thy power,
Woman's ſeed appear within,
Be my ſafeguard and my tower,
Againſt the face of ſin.

2 Could I of thy ſtrength take hold,
And always feel thee near,
Stedfaſtly, divinely bold,
My ſoul would ſcorn to fear:

Nothing ſhould my firmneſs ſhock,
Tho' the gates of hell aſſail,
Were I built upon the rock,
They never could prevail.

3 Rock of my ſalvation, haſte,
Extend thy ample ſhade,
Let it over me be caſt,
And ſkreen my naked head:
Save me from the trying hour,
Thou my ſure protection be,
Shelter me from Satan's power,
'Till I am fix'd on thee.

4 Set upon thyſelf my feet
And make me ſurely ſtand,
From temptation's rage and heat
Cover me with thine hand:
Let me in the cleft be plac'd,
Never from my fence remove,
In thine arms of love embrac'd,
Of everlaſting love.

HYMN LX.

A prayer for confirming grace.

1 IF now I have acceptance found
With thee, or favour in thy ſight,
With thine omnipotence ſurround,
And arm me with thy Spirit's might.

2 O may I hear his warning voice,
And timely fly from danger near,
With reverence unto thee rejoice,
And love thee with a filial fear.

3 Still hold my ſoul in ſecond life,
And ſuffer not my feet to ſlide;
Support me in the glorious ſtrife
And comfort me on every ſide.

4 O give me faith, and faith's increaſe,
Finiſh the work begun in me,
Preſerve my ſoul in perfect peace
That ſtays, and waits, and hangs on thee.

5 O let thy gracious Spirit guide,
And bring me to the promis'd land;
Where righteouſneſs and peace reſide,
And all ſubmit to love's command.

6 A land were milk and honey flow,
And ſprings of pure delights ariſe,
Delights which I ſhall ſhortly know,
I ſhall regain my paradiſe.

7 I ſee it now from *Piſgah*'s top,
Pleaſant, and beautiful, and good;
In all the confidence of hope
I claim the purchaſe of thy blood.

8 Of righteouſneſs divine poſſeſt,
O let me graſp the prize ſo nigh:
Enter into the promis'd reſt,
Enjoy thy perfect love, and die.

HYMN LXI.

Watch in all things.

1 JESU, my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
On whom I caſt my every care,
On whom for all things I depend,
Inſpire and then accept my prayer.

2 If I have taſted of thy grace,
The grace that ſure ſalvation brings;
If with me now thy Spirit ſtays,
And hov'ring hides me in his wings:

3 Still let him with my weakneſs ſtay,
Nor for a moment's ſpace depart;
Evil and danger turn away,
And keep, 'till he renews my heart.

4 When to the right or left I ſtray,
His voice behind me may I hear,
" Return and walk in Chriſt thy way,
" Fly back to Chriſt, for ſin is near."

5 His ſacred unction from above
Be ſtill my comforter and guide,
'Till all the ſtony he remove,
And in my loving heart reſide.

6 Jeſu, I fain would walk in thee,
From nature's every path retreat,
Thou art my way, my leader be,
And ſet upon the rock my feet.

7 Uphold me, Saviour, or I fall,
O reach me out thy gracious hand,
Only on thee for help I call,
Only by faith in thee I ſtand.

Part the ſecond.

8 PIERCE, fill me with an humble fear,
My utter helpleſneſs reveal;
Satan and ſin are always near,
Thee may I always nearer feel.

9 O that to thee my conſtant mind
Might with an even flame aſpire!
Pride in its earlieſt motions find,
And mark the rilings of deſire.

10 O that my tender ſoul might fly
The firſt abhor'd approach of ill;
Quick as the apple of an eye,
The ſlighteſt touch of ſin to feel.

11 'Till thou anew my ſoul create,
Still may I ſtrive, and watch, and pray,
Humbly and confidently wait,
And long to ſee thy perfect day.

12 My whole regard ſtill may I place
On the faint ray of opening light,
(The ſure prophetic word of grace
That glimmers thro' my nature's night.

13 Here let my ſoul's ſure anchor be,
Here let me fix my wiſhful eyes,
And wait till I exult to ſee
The day-ſtar in my heart ariſe.

14 Jeſu, my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
As I believe, ſo let it be,
O make me patient to the end,
And then reveal thyſelf in me.

HYMN LXII.

And a man ſhall be as an hiding-place, &c.
Iſaiah xxxii. 2.

1 TO the haven of thy breaſt,
O Son of Man I fly;
Be my refuge, and my reſt,
For O the ſtorm is high!
Save me from the furious blaſt,
A covert from the tempeſt be!
Hide me, Jeſus, 'till o'erpaſt
The ſtorm of ſin I ſee.

2 Welcome as the water-ſpring
To a dry barren place,
O deſcend on me, and bring,
Thy ſweet refreſhing grace:
O'er a parch'd and weary land
As a great rock extends its ſhade,
Hide me Saviour, with thy hand,
And ſkreen my naked head.

3 In the time of my diſtreſs
Thou haſt my ſuccour been,
In my utter helpleſneſs
Reſtraining me from ſin:

O how ſwiftly didſt thou move
To ſave me in the trying hour!
Still protect me with thy love,
And ſhield me with thy power.

4 Firſt, and laſt, in me perform
The work thou haſt begun:
Be my ſhelter from the ſtorm,
My ſhadow from the ſun:
Sprinkle ſtill the mercy-ſeat:
And bring thy Father's anger down;
Skreen me Jeſu, from the heat
And terror of his frown.

5 Let thy merit, as a cloud,
Still interpoſe between;
Plead th'atonement of thy blood,
'Till I am cleans'd from ſin;
Weary, parch'd with thirſt, and faint,
'Till thou th'abiding Spirit breathe,
Every moment, Lord, I want
The merit of thy death.

6 Never ſhall I want it leſs,
When thou the gift haſt given,
Fill'd me with thy righteouſneſs,
And ſeal'd the heir of heaven:
I ſhall hang upon my God,
'Till I thy perfect glory ſee,
'Till the ſprinkling of thy blood
Hath ſpoke me up to thee.

HYMN LXIII.

A poor ſinner.

1 JESU, my ſtrength, my hope,
On thee I caſt my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'ſt my prayer.

Give me on thee to wait,
'Till I can all things do:
On thee, Almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

2 I reſt upon thy word,
The promiſe is for me;
My ſuccour and ſalvation, Lord,
Shall ſurely come from thee:
But let me ſtill abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
'Till thou my patient ſpirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

3 I want a ſober mind,
A ſelf-renouncing will,
That tramples down and caſts behind
The baits of pleaſing ill:
A ſoul innur'd to pain,
To hardſhip, grief and loſs,
Bold to take up, firm to ſuſtain,
The conſecrated croſs.

4 I want a godly fear,
A quick diſcerning eye
That looks to thee, when ſin is near,
And ſees the tempter fly;
A ſpirit ſtill prepar'd,
And arm'd with jealous care,
For ever ſtanding on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

Part the ſecond.

5 I Want an heart to pray,
To pray, and never ceaſe;
Never to murmur at thy ſtay,
Or wiſh my ſuff'rings leſs:
This bleſſing above all,
Always to pray I want,
Out of the deep on thee to call,
And never, never faint.

6 I want a true regard,
A ſingle, ſteady aim,
(Unmov'd by threat'ning or reward)
To thee and thy great name;
A jealous, juſt concern
For thine immortal praiſe,
A pure deſire that all may learn
And glorify thy grace.

7 I want with all my heart
Thy pleaſure to fulfil:
To know myſelf, and what thou art,
And what thy perfect will:
I want I know not what,
I want my wants to ſee;
I want—alas! what want I not,
When thou art not in me!

HYMN LXIV.

Thankſgiving for preſerving grace.

1 LORD, and am I yet alive?
Not in torments, not in hell?
Still doth thy good Spirit ſtrive!
With the chief of ſinners dwell:
Yes, I ſtill lift up mine eyes,
Will not of thy love deſpair,
Still in ſpite of ſin I riſe,
Still to call thee mine I dare.

2 Oh the length and breadth of love!
Jeſu, Saviour can it be?
All thy mercy's height I prove,
All the depth is ſeen in me.
O the miracle of grace!
Tell it out to ſinners tell!
Men, and fiends, and angels gaze,
I am, I am out of hell!

3 Turn aſide a ſight t'admire,
I the living wonder am!
See a buſh that burns with fire,
Unconſum'd amidſt the flame!
See a ſtone that hangs in air!
See a ſpark in oceans dwell!
Kept alive with death ſo near,
I am, I am out of hell!

HYMN LXV.

Deſiring to love.

1 COME, Lord, and help me to rejoice,
In hope that I ſhall hear thy voice,
Shall one day ſee my God;
Shall ceaſe from all my ſin and ſtrife,
Handle and taſte the word of life,
And feel the ſprinkled blood.

2 I ſhall not always make my moan,
Nor worſhip thee a God unknown,
But I ſhall live to prove
Thy people's reſt, and ſaint's delight,
The length, and breadth, and depth and height,
Of thy redeeming love.

3 Rejoicing now, in earneſt hope,
I ſtand, and from the mountain top
See all the land below:
Rivers of milk and honey riſe,
And all the fruits of paradiſe,
In endleſs plenty grow.

4 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favour'd with God's peculiar ſmile,
With every bleſſing bleſt:
There dwells the Lord our righteouſneſs,
And keeps his own in perfect peace,
And everlaſting reſt.

5 O that I might at once go up,
No more on this ſide *Jordan* ſtop,
But now the land poſſeſs;
This moment end my legal years,
Sorrows and ſins, and doubts and fears,
And howling wilderneſs!

6 Now, O my *Joſhua*, bring me in,
Caſt out thy foes, the inbred ſin,
The carnal mind remove,
The purchaſe of thy death divide,
And O with all the ſanctified,
Give me a lot of love!

HYMN LXVI.

Fight the good fight of faith.

1 JESU, my king, to thee I bow,
Inliſted under thy command,
Captain of my ſalvation thou,
Shalt lead me to the promis'd land.

2 Thou haſt a great deliverance wrought,
The ſtaff from off my ſhoulder broke,
Out of the houſe of bondage brought,
And freed me from the *Egyptian* yoke.

3 Thine out-ſtretch'd arm was bar'd for me,
For me by earth and hell purſu'd:
Thine out-ſtretch'd arm thro' the *Red-ſea*,
Brought and baptiz'd me in thy blood.

4 O'er the vaſt howling wilderneſs,
To *Canaan*'s bounds thou haſt me led,
Thou bid'ſt me now the land poſſeſs,
And on thy milk and honey feed.

5 I ſee an open door of hope,
(Legions of ſins in vain oppoſe)
Bold I with thee, my head, march up,
And triumph o'er a world of foes.

6 Gigantic luſts come forth to fight,
I mark, diſdain and all break thro',
I tread them down in Jeſu's might,
Thro' Jeſus I can all things do.

7 Lo the tall ſons of *Anak* riſe!
Who can the ſons of *Anak* meet?
Captain, to thee I lift mine eyes,
And lo they fall beneath my feet!

8 Paſſion, and appetite, and pride,
(Pride, my old dreadful, tyrant foe)
I ſee caſt down on every ſide,
And conqu'ring them, to conquer go.

9 My Lord in my behalf appears;
Captain, thy ſtrength-inſpiring eye
Scatters my doubts, diſpels my fears,
And makes the hoſts of aliens fly.

10 Who can before my captain ſtand?
Who is ſo great a king as mine?
High over all is thy right hand,
And might, and majeſty are thine.

Part the ſecond.

11 JESU, my ſoul takes hold on thee,
I arm me with thy Spirit's might,
Humbly aſſur'd of victory,
I underneath thy banner fight.

12 Thy ſpirit lifts the ſtandard up,
When as a flood the foe comes in,
I ſee the croſs, hold faſt my hope,
Believe, and more than conquer ſin.

13 With holy indignation fill'd
When by the prince of hell withſtood:
Firm I reſiſt, I graſp my ſhield,
And quench his firy darts with blood.

14 Single a thouſand foes I chaſe,
I turn, and blaſt them with mine eyes:
Trembles the world before my face,
Their God with all his legions flies.

15 Having done all, by faith I ſtand,
And give the praiſe, O Lord, to thee,
Thine holy arm, thine own right-hand,
Hath got thyſelf the victory.

16 Wherefore to thee my ſoul I raiſe,
My ſoul in thee ſecurely boaſts,
Exults and glories in thy praiſe,
And triumphs in the Lord of hoſts.

17 Wiſdom, and power, and ſtrength, and might,
Thou, Lord, art worthy to receive;
Honour and riches are thy right,
And bleſſings more than earth can give.

18 Help us praiſe our glorious king,
Ye church of the firſt-born above,
Let angels and archangels ſing
The triumphs of all conqu'ring love.

19 Let earth and all her fulneſs ſtill,
Rejoice his greatneſs to proclaim,
And everlaſting praiſes fill
The heaven of heavens with Jeſu's name.

HYMN LXVII.

Look unto me and be ſaved, all ye ends of the earth.

ISAIAH xlv. 22.

1 SINNERS, your Saviour ſee,
O look ye unto me!
Lift your eyes, ye fallen race,
I the gracious God and true,
I am full of truth and grace,
Full of truth and grace for you.

2 Look and be ſav'd from ſin,
Believe, and be ye clean!
Guilty, lab'ring ſouls, draw nigh,
See the fountain open'd wide,
To the wounds of Jeſus fly,
Bathe ye in my bleeding ſide.

3 Ah! dear redeeming Lord,
We take thee at thy word:
Lo to thee we ever look,
Freely ſav'd by grace alone:
Thou our ſins and curſe haſt took,
Thou for us didſt once atone.

4 We now the writing ſee,
Nail'd to the croſs with thee;
With thy mangled body torne,
Blotted out by blood divine,
Far away the bond is borne,
Thou art ours, and we are thine.

5 On thee we fix our eyes,
And wait for freſh ſupplies,
Juſtified, we aſk for more,
Give th' abiding witneſs give;
Lord, thine image here reſtore,
Fully in thy members live.

Part the ſecond.

6 AUTHOR of faith, appear,
Be thou its finiſher;
Upward ſtill for this we gaze,
'Till we feel the ſtamp divine;
Thee behold with open face,
Bright in all thy glory ſhine.

7 Leave not thy work undone,
But ever love thine own:

Let us all thy goodneſs prove,
Let us to the end believe,
Shew thine everlaſting love,
Save us to the utmoſt, ſave.

8 O that our life might be,
One looking up to thee!
Ever haſtening to the day
When our eyes ſhall ſee thee near;
Come, Redeemer, come away,
Glorious in thy ſaints appear.

9 Jeſu, the heavens bow,
We long to meet thee now:
Now in majeſty come down,
Pity thine elect and come;
Hear in us thy ſpirit groan,
Take the weary exiles home.

10 Now let thy face be ſeen
Without a veil between:
Come and change our faith to ſight,
Swallow up mortality,
Plunge us in a ſea of light:
Chriſt be all in all to me.

HYMN LXVIII.

The believer's triumph.

1 JESU, thy blood and righteouſneſs
My beauty are, my glorious dreſs:
'Midſt flaming worlds in theſe array'd
With joy ſhall I lift up my head.

2 Bold ſhall I ſtand in thy great day,
For who ought to my charge ſhall lay?
Fully abſolv'd thro' theſe I am,
From ſin and fear, from guilt and ſhame.

3 The deadly writing now I ſee,
Nail'd with thy body to the tree;
Torne with the nails that pierc'd thy hands,
Th' old covenant no longer ſtands.

4 Tho' ſign'd and written with thy blood,
As hell's foundation ſure it ſtood;
Thine hath waſh'd out the crimſon ſtains,
And white as ſnow my ſoul remains.

5 *Satan*, thy due reward ſurvey,
The Lord of life, why didſt thou ſlay?
To tear the prey out of thy teeth,
To ſpoil the realms of hell and death.

6 The holy meek, unſpotted Lamb,
Who from the Father's boſom came,
Who died for me, ev'n me t'atone,
Now for my Lord, and God I own.

7 Lord, I believe thy precious blood,
Which at the mercy-ſeat of God,
For ever doth for ſinners plead,
For me, ev'n for my ſoul was ſhed.

8 Yet nought whereof to boaſt I have,
All, all thy mercy freely gave;
No works, no righteouſneſs, are mine,
All is thy work, and only thine.

Part the ſecond.

9 WHEN from the duſt of death I riſe,
To claim my manſion in the ſkies,
Ev'n then this ſhall be all my plea,
Jeſus hath liv'd, hath died for me.

10 Thus *Abraham*, the friend of God,
Thus all heaven's armies bought with blood,
Saviour of ſinners, thee proclaim,
Sinners, of whom the chief I am.

11 Naked from *Satan* did I flee,
To thee, my Lord, and put on thee:
And thus adorn'd I wait the word,
"He comes! ariſe, and meet thy Lord!"

12 Then ſhall heav'ns hoſts with loud acclaim,
Give praiſe and glory to the Lamb,
Who bore our ſins and by his blood
Hath made us kings and prieſts to God.

13 Jeſu, be endleſs praiſe to thee,
Whoſe boundleſs mercy hath for me,
For me a full atonement made,
An everlaſting ranſom paid.

14 Ah give to all thy ſervants, Lord,
With power to ſpeak thy quick'ning word,
That all, who to thy wounds will flee,
May find eternal life in thee.

15 Thou God of might, thou God of love,
Let the whole world thy mercy prove,
Now let thy word o'er all prevail,
Now take the ſpoils of death and hell.

16 O bid the dead now hear thy voice,
Now bid the baniſh'd one's rejoice,
Their beauty this, their glorious dreſs,
Jeſu, thy blood and righteouſneſs!

HYMN LXIX.

Who gave himſelf for us, that he might redeem us from ALL *iniquity*, Titus ii. 14.

1 JESU, Redeemer of mankind,
How little art thou known
By ſinners of a carnal mind,
Who claim thee for their own?

2 Who blaſphemouſly call thee Lord
With lips and hearts unclean,
But make thee, while they ſlight thy word,
The miniſter of ſin?

3 Who madly plead for ſin's remains;
While full of ſlaviſh fears,
They *fancy*, thou haſt purg'd their ſtains,
And falſly call thee theirs.

4 O wretched man who dares divide
The pardon and the peace!
In vain for thee the Saviour died,
Unleſs he ſeals thee his.

5 O wretched man, from guilt to dream
Thy harden'd conſcience freed!
When Jeſus doth a ſoul redeem,
He makes it free indeed.

6 The guilt and power with all thy art
Can never be disjoin'd,
Nor will God bid the guilt depart,
And leave the power behind.

7 Faith, when it comes, breaks every chain
And makes us truly free,
But Chriſt hath died for thee in vain,
Unleſs he lives in thee.

8 What is redemption in his blood,
But liberty within?
A liberty to ſerve my God,
And to eſchew my ſin.

9 What is our calling's glorious hope,
But inward holineſs?
For this to Jeſus I look up,
I calmly wait for this.

10 Be it according to thy word,
Redeem me from all ſin,
My heart would now receive thee, Lord,
Come in, my Lord, come in!

HYMN LXX.

Rejoicing in hope.

1 YE happy ſinners hear,
The priſoners of the Lord,
And wait till Chriſt appear,
According to his word:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We ſhall from all our ſins be free.

2 The Lord our righteouſneſs,
We have long-ſince receiv'd,
Salvation nearer is
Than when we firſt believ'd:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We ſhall from all our ſins be free.

3 In God we put our truſt;
If we our ſins confeſs,
Faithful he is and juſt,
From all unrighteouſneſs,
To cleanſe us all, both you and me,
We ſhall from all our ſins be free.

4 Surely in us the hope
Of glory ſhall appear;
Sinners your heads lift up,
And ſee redemption near:
Again I ſay rejoice with me,
We ſhall from all our ſins be free.

5 Who Jeſu's ſufferings ſhare,
My fellow-priſoners now,
Ye ſoon the wreathe ſhall wear
On you triumphant brow:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We ſhall from all our ſins be free.

6 Then let us gladly bring
Our ſacrifice of praiſe,
Let us give thanks, and ſing,
And glory in his grace;
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We ſhall from all our ſins be free.

HYMN LXXI.

ISAIAH, *Chap.* 12.

1 HAPPY ſoul, who ſees the day,
The glad day of goſpel grace;
Thee, my Lord, (thou then ſhalt ſay)
Thee will I for ever praiſe.

2 Tho' thy wrath againſt me burn'd,
Thou doſt comfort me again:
All thy wrath aſide is turn'd,
Thou haſt blotted out my ſin.

3 Me behold! thy mercy ſpares!
Jeſus my ſalvation is,
Hence my doubts, away my fears;
Jeſus is become my peace.

4 Jah, Jehovah, is my Lord,
Ever merciful and juſt:
I will lean upon his word,
I will on his promiſe truſt.

5 Strong I am, for he is ſtrong,
Juſt in righteouſneſs divine:
He is my triumphal ſong,
All he has, and is, is mine.

6 Therefore ſhall ye draw with joy,
Water from ſalvation's well,
Praiſe ſhall your glad tongues employ,
While his ſtreaming grace ye feel.

7 Each to each, ye then ſhall ſay,
Sinners, call upon his name,
O rejoice to ſee his day,
See it, and his praiſe proclaim.

8 Glory, to his name belongs,
Great, and wonderful, and high:
Sing unto the Lord your ſongs,
Cry, to every nation, cry.

9 Wonderous things the Lord hath done,
Excellent his name we find:
This to all mankind is known;
Be it known to all mankind.

10 *Sion*, ſhout thy Lord and King,
Iſrael's Holy One is he!
Give him thanks, rejoice and ſing,
Great he is, and dwells in thee.

11 O the grace unſearchable!
While eternal ages roll,
God delights in man to dwell,
Soul of each believing ſoul.

HYMN LXXII.

He that believeth, ſhall not make haſte.

1 WITNESS divine, the juſt and true,
Jeſus, to us this promiſe ſeal,
Our haſte of unbelief ſubdue,
And bid our flutt'ring hearts be ſtill.

2 That power which ſtopp'd the mid-day ſun,
Turn'd back the tide, and chain'd the ſea,
Be in our rapid ſpirit ſhewn,
And make us truly wait on thee.

3 Arreſt our nature's head-ſtrong courſe,
(We would be poor, deſpis'd, forlorn)
Baffle our ſkill, unnerve our force,
Our carnal confidence o'erturn.

4 Great helper of the friendleſs thou,
Thou ſtrength'ner of the feeble knees,
O let our ſouls before thee bow,
And ſink into a ſweet diſtreſs.

5 We cannot ſee without thy light,
Without thy light we *would* not ſee:
We have not wiſdom, help nor might,
But Lord, our eyes are unto thee.

6 O Let us not preſume to take
The matter out of thy great hand;
Who can the Rock of Ages ſhake?
The ſure foundation ſtill ſhall ſtand.

7 Let others ruſh with trembling haſte,
With eager wrath thy cauſe defend,
Our ſoul is on thy promiſe caſt,
And lo! we calmly wait the end.

8 Tho' we our hands do not lift up,
The tott'ring ark ſhall never fall,
It never ſhall to *Dagon* ſtoop:
Thy kingdom ruleth over all.

9 Sedfaſt our anchor is, and ſure,
It enters now within the veil;
Thy church, immoveably ſecure,
Defies the powers of earth and hell.

Part the ſecond.

10 COME, O thou greater than our heart,
And make thy faithful mercies known;
The mind which was in thee impart,
Thy conſtant mind in us be ſhewn.

11 From anger ſet our ſpirits free:
It worketh not thy righteouſneſs:
In patience let us wait on thee,
And quietly our ſouls poſſeſs.

12 Jeſu, to whoſe ſupreme command,
All things in heaven, earth, hell ſubmit:
Upon us lay thy mighty hand,
And ſelf ſhall ſink beneath thy feet.

13 O let us by thy croſs abide,
Thee, only thee reſolv'd to know,
The Lamb for ſinners crucified,
A world to ſave from endleſs woe.

14 Take us into thy people's reſt,
And we from our own works ſhall ceaſe;
With thy meek ſpirit arm our breaſt,
And keep our minds in perfect peace.

15 Lift up and fix our ſtedfaſt eye,
On thee the Father's fav'rite Son,
Thee our great king, gone up on high,
Firm on thine everlaſting throne.

16 Tho' earth and hell thy rule oppoſe,
The Lord is King, Meſſiah reigns!
'Till *Satan*, ſin, and all thy foes,
And death the laſt of all be ſlain.

17 Jeſu, for this we calmly wait,
O let our eyes behold thee near!
Haſten to make our heaven compleat,
Appear, our glorious God, appear!

Part the third.

18 UNchangeable, almighty Lord,
Our ſouls upon thy truth we ſtay,
Accompliſh now thy faithful word,
And give, O give us all one way.

19 O let us all join hand in hand,
Who ſeek redemption in thy blood,
Faſt in one mind, and ſpirit ſtand,
And build the temple of our God.

20 Thou only canſt our wills controul,
Our wild unruly paſſions bind,
Tame the old *Adam* in our ſoul,
And make us of one heart and mind.

21 Speak but the reconciling word,
The winds ſhall ceaſe, the waves ſubſide:
We all ſhall praiſe our common Lord,
Our Jeſus, and him crucified.

22 Giver of peace and unity,
Send down thy mild pacific dove:
We all ſhall then in one agree,
And breathe the Spirit of thy love.

23 We all ſhall think and ſpeak the ſame
Delightful leſſon of thy grace;
One undivided Chriſt proclaim,
And jointly glory in thy praiſe.

24 O let us take a ſofter mould,
Blended and gather'd into thee,
Under one Shepherd make one fold,
When all is love and harmony.

25 Regard thine own eternal prayer,
And ſend a peaceful anſwer down;
To us thy Fathers name declare,
Unite, and perfect us in one.

26 So ſhall the world believe and know;
That God hath ſent thee from above,
When thou art ſeen in us below,
And every ſoul diſplays thy love.

Part the fourth.

27 THE Lord is King, and earth ſubmits,
Howe'er impatient to his ſway,
Between the cherubim he ſits
And makes his reſtleſs foes obey.

28 All pow'r is to our Jeſus given,
O'er earth's rebellious ſons he reigns,
He mildly rules the hoſts of heaven,
And holds the powers of hell in chains.

29 In vain doth *Satan* rage his hour,
Beyond his chain he cannot go;
Our Jeſus, ſhall ſtir up his power,
And ſoon avenge us of our foe.

30 Jeſus ſhall his great arm reveal,
Jeſus, the woman's conqu'ring ſeed;
Tho' now the ſerpent bruiſe his heel,
Jeſus ſhall break the ſerpent's head.

31 The enemy his tares has ſown,
But Chriſt ſhall ſhortly root them up,
Shall caſt the dire accuſer down,
And diſappoint his children's hope:

32 Shall ſtill the proud *Philiſtine*'s noiſe,
Battle the ſons of unbelief,
Nor long permit them to rejoice,
But turn their triumph into grief.

33 Come glorious Lord, the rebles ſpurn,
Scatter thy foes, victorious king,
And *Gath* and *Aſkelon* ſhall mourn,
And all the ſons of God ſhall ſing;

34 Shall magnify the ſovereign grace
Of him that ſits upon the throne,
And earth and heav'n conſpire to praiſe
Jehovah, and his conqu'ring Son.

HYMN LXXIII.

Rev. ii. 1, &c. *Unto the angel of the Church of* Epheſus.

1 O Thou who doſt the churches bear,
The ſtars in thy right-hand uphold,
Who walkeſt now with jealous care
Amidſt the candleſticks of gold.

2 Poor guilty abject worms, to thee
In our declining ſtate we call,
See thy degenerate people, ſee,
Nor let our tott'ring *Sion* fall.

3 Our works of faith thou one didſt know,
Our patient hope, and lab'ring love;
We would not hear thy *Romiſh* foe,
We dar'd that antichriſt reprove.

4 We tried him by the written word,
Thro' all his ſnares and fetters broke,
As *Satan's Succeſſor* abhor'd,
And caſt away his iron yoke.

5 Him and his god, and ſin and death,
We more than conquer'd thro' thy name;
The witneſſes reſign'd their breath,
And claſp'd their hands amidſt the flame.

6 For their dear ſuffering Saviour's ſake,
Immoveable the champions ſtood,
Nor fainted at the rack, or ſtake,
But water'd all the church with blood.

7 Yet, O how quickly, Lord haſt thou,
Whereof thy people to reprove!
Fallen, alas! thou ſeeſt us now,
We now have left our former love.

8 Our wine with water mixt, our gold
Is dim, our ſhip-wreck'd faith is dead;
No more our tokens we behold,
Our matryrs all to heaven are fled.

9 O could we call to mind the grace,
The glorious grace from which we fell;
Live o'er again the antient days,
And do the work thou loveſt ſo well!

10 O that we might thro' thee repent,
And timely turn to thee and live!
So ſhall thy grace our doom prevent;
Thou would'ſt abundantly forgive.

11 Before thou doſt in vengeance come,
Our candleſtick far off remove,
And fix th' unalterable doom,
O let us weep, believe, and love.

12 Call on us, by thy Spirit call,
Yet once again our church reſtore,
Shew us thy grace is over all,
And lift us up to fall no more.

HYMN LXXIV.

Rev. iii. 1, 2, &c. *To the angel of the church in* Sardis.

1 O Thou, whoſe eyes run to and fro,
Thro' earth, and every creature ſee,
What is it which thou doſt not know?
All things are manifeſt to thee.

2 Thou haſt the ſpirits, ſeven and one,
Thou haſt the ſtars in thy right-hand,
And all our works to thee are known:
How ſhall we in thy judgment ſtand.

3 Thou know'ſt we take thy name in vain,
While dead in treſpaſſes we live,
Thee for our Lord we falſly claim,
While to the world our hearts we give.

4 A powerleſs form, a lifeleſs ſound,
Our works as vanity are light;
Wanting alas! they all are found,
And worſe than nothing in thy ſight.

5 O that we now might turn again,
And cheriſh the laſt ſpark of grace,
Strengthen the things that yet remain,
And call to mind the antient days.

6 Surely we did thy faith receive,
We heard with joy the goſpel-word;
O let us now repent and live,
And watch to apprehend our Lord.

7 Stir ourſelves up, renounce our eaſe,
Before thy ſudden judgments come,
And watch, and pray, and never ceaſe,
Till thou repeal our threat'ning doom.

HYMN LXXV.

REV. iii. 14, &c. *Unto the angel of the church of the* Laodiceans.

1 AMEN to all that God hath ſaid,
Witneſs divine, the juſt and true,
Who waſt before the worlds were made,
Whoſe being no beginning knew.

2 With guilty ſelf-condemning fear,
With humble ſelf-abaſing ſhame,
Thy Spirit's dreadful charge we hear,
Nor dare throw off the imputed blame.

3 God of unſpotted purity,
Us, and our works, canſt thou behold?
Juſtly we are abhorr'd by thee,
For we are neither hot nor cold.

4 We call thee Lord, thy faith profeſs,
But do not from our hearts obey,
In ſoft *Laodicean* reſt,
We ſleep our uſeleſs lives away.

5 We live in pleaſures, and are dead,
In ſearch of fame and wealth we live,
Commanded in thy ſteps to tread,
We ſometimes ſeek, but never ſtrive.

6 A lifeleſs form we ſtill retain,
Of this we make our empty boaſt,
Nor know the name we take in vain,
The power of godlineſs is loſt.

7 The power we daringly deny,
A fancied good, a madman's dream,
The truth itſelf we deem a lie,
The promis'd Holy Ghoſt blaſpheme.

8 How long, great God, have we appear'd
Abominable in thy ſight!
Better that we had never heard
Thy word, or ſeen the goſpel-light.

9 Better that we had never known
The way to heaven thro' ſaving grace,
Than baſely in our lives diſown,
And ſlight and mock thee to thy face.

10 Thou rather wouldſt that we were cold,
Than ſeem to ſerve thee without zeal,
Leſs guilty, if with thoſe of old
We worſhip'd *Thor* and *Woden* ſtill.

11 Leſs grievous will the judgment-day
To *Sodom* and *Gomorrah* prove,
Than us, who caſt our ſhield away,
And trample on thy richer love.

Part the ſecond.

12 YET ſtill we glory in thy name,
O Chriſt, as tho' we knew thy grace,
Thee with unhallow'd lips we claim,
A lukewarm, worſe than heathen race.

13 We ſay, that we with goods abound,
Are rich, and full, and need no more,
Nor know that we are wretched found
With thee, and bare, and blind, and poor.

14 O let us our own works forſake,
Ourſelves, and all we have deny,
Thy condeſcending counſel take,
And come to thee pure gold to buy.

15 Gold, that can bear the fiery teſt,
And make the buyer rich indeed;
Adorn us in the milk-white veſt,
And over us thy mantle ſpread.

16 When this unſpotted robe we wear,
Our ſins are cover'd all by thee,
No longer doth our ſhame appear;
Salvation in thy light we ſee.

17 Touch'd by an unction from above,
Our eyes are open'd to perceive
The myſtery of redeeming love,
The death by which alone we live.

18 O might we thro' thy grace attain
The faith thou never will reprove,
The faith that purges every ſtain,
The faith that always works by love.

19 O might we ſee in this our day
The things belonging to our peace,
And timely meet thee in thy way
Of judgments, and our ſins confeſs:

20 Thy fatherly chaſtiſements own,
With filial awe revere the rod,
And turn with zealous haſte and run
Into the out-ſtretch'd arms of God!

Part the third.

21 SAVIOUR of all, to thee we bow,
And own thee faithful to thy word;
We hear thy voice, and open now
Our hearts to entertain our Lord.

22 Come in, come in, thou heavenly gueſt,
Delight in what thyſelf haſt given,
On thine own gifts and graces feaſt,
And make the contrite heart thy heaven.

23 Smell the ſweet odour of our prayers,
Our ſacrifice of praiſe approve,
And treaſure up our gracious tears,
That reſt in thy redeeming love.

24 Beneath thy ſhadow let us ſit,
Call us thy friends, and love, and bride,
And bid us freely drink and eat
Thy dainties, and be ſatisfied.

25 O let us on thy fulneſs feed,
And eat thy fleſh, and drink thy blood;
Jeſu, thy blood is drink indeed,
Jeſu, thy fleſh is angels food.

26 The heavenly manna faith imparts,
Faith makes thy fulneſs all our own,
We feed upon thee in our hearts,
And find that heaven and thou art one.

27 An heaven begun on earth we feel,
Who conquer in the glorious ſtrife;
And paſs o'er ſin, and earth, and hell,
Triumphant to eternal life.

28 The fulneſs of eternal bliſs
We ſhall from thee receive above,
This the reward of conqueſt this,
The crown of all victorious love.

29 Conqu'ror of ſin, and hell, and death,
As thou the dreadful fight haſt won,
And weareſt now th'immortal wreathe,
And ſitteſt on thy Father's throne:

30 So ſhalt thou grant to all that fight,
And conquer in thy mighty name,
To claim the kingdom as their right,
Their ſufferings, and their crown the ſame.

31 Who bear thy croſs, ſhall wear thy crown,
Shall triumph in thy victory,
And on thy glorious throne ſit down,
And reign in endleſs bliſs with thee.

HYMN LXXVI.

The Spirit and the Bride ſay, Come.

1 O Joyful ſound of goſpel-grace!
Chriſt ſhall in me appear,
I, even I, ſhall ſee his face,
I ſhall be holy here.
This heart ſhall be his conſtant home,
I hear his Spirit's cry:
Surely, he ſaith, I quickly come,
He ſaith, who cannot lie.

2 The God of truth himſelf hath ſworn,
On him my ſoul relies:
My ſoul on wings of eagles borne,
Shall fly and take the prize.
The glorious crown of righteouſneſs
To me reach'd out I view,
Conqu'ror thro' him I ſoon ſhall ſeize,
And wear it as my due.

3 The promis'd land from *Piſgah*'s top
I now exult to ſee,
My hope is full, (O bleſſed hope)
Of immortality:
My flutt'ring ſpirit fatigues my breaſt
And ſwells and ſpreads abroad,
And pants for everlaſting reſt,
And ſtruggles into God.

4 I feel, and know him now in part,
His love my heart conſtrains,
Its near approach expands my heart,
And fills with pleaſing pains.
He viſits now the houſe of clay,
He ſhakes his future home:
O wouldſt thou, Lord, on this glad day,
Into thy temple come!

5 With me, I know, I feel thou art,
But this cannot ſuffice,
Unleſs thou planteſt in my heart
A conſtant paradiſe.
My earth thou watereſt from on high,
But make it all a pool:
Spring up, O well, I ever cry,
Spring up within my ſoul.

6 Come, O my God, thyſelf reveal,
Fill all this mighty void,
Thou only canſt my ſpirit fill:
Come, O my God, my God.

Fulfil, fulfil, my large desires,
Large as infinity;
Give, give me all my soul requires,
All, all that is in thee!

HYMN LXXVII.

A prayer for persons joined in fellowship.

1 TRY us O God, and search the ground
Of every sinful heart,
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
O bid it all depart.

2 When to the right or left we stray
Leave us not comfortless,
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.

3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

4 Help us to build each other up,
Our little stock improve;
Increase our faith confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

5 Up into thee our living head,
Let us in all things grow,
Till thou hast made us free indeed,
And spotless here below.

6 Then, when the mighty work is wrought,
Receive thy ready bride,
Give us in heaven a happy lot,
With all the sanctified.

HYMN LXXVIII.

The ſame.

1 JESU, united by thy grace,
And each to each endear'd,
With confidence we ſeek thy face,
And know our prayer is heard.

2 Still let us own our common Lord,
And bear thine eaſy yoke,
A band of love, a three-fold cord
Which never can be broke.

3 Make us into one Spirit drink,
Baptize into thy name,
And let us always kindly think,
And ſweetly ſpeak the ſame.

4 Touch'd by the loadſtone of thy love,
Let all our hearts agree,
And ever tow'rd each other move,
And ever move tow'rd thee.

5 To the inſeparably join'd,
Let all our ſpirits cleave,
O may we all the loving mind
Which was in thee receive.

6 This is the bond of perfectneſs,
Thy ſpotleſs charity;
O let us, ſtill we pray, poſſeſs
The mind that was in thee.

7 Grant this, and then from all below,
Inſenſibly remove;
Our ſouls their change ſhall ſcarcely know,
Made perfect firſt in love.

8 With eaſe our ſouls thro' death ſhall glide
Into their paradiſe,
And thence on wings of angels ride
Triumphant thro' the ſkies.

9 Yet when the fulleſt joy is given,
The ſame delight we prove,
In earth, in paradiſe, in heaven,
Our all in all is love.

HYMN LXXIX.

Entering into the congregation.

1 FOUNTAIN of Life to all below,
Let thy ſalvation roll,
Water, repleniſh, and o'erflow
Every believing ſoul.

2 Into that happy number, Lord,
Us weary ſinners take:
Jeſus, fulfil thy gracious word,
For thy own mercy's ſake.

3 Turn back our nature's rapid tide,
And we ſhall flow to thee,
While down the ſtream of time we glide
To our eternity.

4 The well of life to us thou art,
Of joy the ſwelling flood:
Wafted by thee with willing heart
We ſwift return to God.

5 We ſoon ſhall reach the boundleſs ſea,
Into thy fulneſs fall,
Be loſt, and ſwallow'd up in thee,
Our God, our all in all.

HYMN LXXX.

Waiting for the promiſe.

1 FATHER of our dying Lord,
Remember us for good,
O fulfil his faithful word,
And hear his ſpeaking blood.
Give us that for which he prays:
Father, glorify thy Son,
Shew his truth, and power, and grace
And ſend THE PROMISE down!

2 True and faithful witneſs thou,
O Chriſt, the Spirit give:
Haſt thou not receiv'd him now,
That we might now receive?
Art thou not our living head?
Life to all thy limbs impart,
Shed thy love, thy Spirit ſhed
In every waiting heart.

3 Holy Ghoſt, the Comforter,
The gift of Jeſus come!
Glows our heart to find thee near,
And ſwells to make thee room:
Preſent *with* us, thee we feel:
Come, O come, and *in* us be,
With us, in us, live and dwell
To all eternity.

HYMN LXXXI.

Little Children love one another.

1 GIVER of concord, Prince of peace,
Meek, lamb-like Son of God,
Bid our unruly paſſions ceaſe,
Extinguiſh'd with thy blood.

2 Rebuke the ſeas, the tempeſt chide,
Our ſtubborn will controul,
Beat down our wrath, root out our pride,
And calm our troubled ſoul.

3 Subdue in us the carnal mind,
Its enmity deſtroy,
With cords of love th' old *Adam* bind,
And melt him into joy.

4 Us into cloſeſt union draw,
And in our inward parts
Let kindneſs ſweetly write her law,
Let love command our hearts.

5 O let thy love our hearts conſtrain!
Jeſus the crucified,
What haſt thou done our hearts to gain?
Languiſh'd, and groan'd, and died.

6 Who would not now purſue the way
Where Jeſu's footſteps ſhine?
Who would not own the pleaſing ſway
Of charity divine?

7 Saviour, look down with pitying eyes,
Our jarring wills controul,
Let cordial kind affections riſe,
And harmonize the ſoul.

8 Thee let us feel benignly near
In all thy ſoftning powers,
The ſounding of thy bowels hear,
And anſwer thee with ours.

9 O let us find the antient way
Our wond'ring foes to move,
And force the Heathen world to ſay,
"See how theſe Chriſtians love!

HYMN LXXXII.

At the parting of Chriſtian friends.

1 BLEST be the dear uniting love,
Which would not let us part:
Our bodies may far off remove,
We ſtill are join'd in heart.

2 Join'd in one ſpirit to our head,
Where he appoints we go,
And ſtill in Jeſu's footſteps tread,
And do his works below.

3 O let us ever walk in him,
And nothing know beſide,
Nothing deſire, nothing eſteem,
But Jeſus crucified.

4 Cloſer and cloſer let us cleave
To his belov'd embrace,
Expect his fullneſs to receive,
And grace to anſwer grace.

5 While thus we walk with Chriſt in light,
What ſhall our ſouls disjoin?
Souls which himſelf vouchſafes t'unite
In fellowſhip divine.

6 We all are one who him receive,
And each with each agree,
In him, the One, the Truth we live,
Bleſt point of unity.

7 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The ſame in mind and heart,
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life nor death can part.

8 But let us haſten to the day,
Which ſhall our fleſh reſtore,
When death ſhall all be done away,
And bodies part no more.

HYMN LXXXIII.

The love feaſt.

1 COME, and let us ſweetly join,
Chriſt to praiſe in hymns divine:
Give we all with one accord,
Glory to our common Lord;
Hands, and hearts, and voices raiſe,
Sing as in the antient days:
Antedate the joys above,
Celebrate the feaſt of love.

2 Strive we in affection ſtrive,
Let the purer flame revive,
Such as in the martyrs glow'd,
Dying champions for their God.
We like them may live and love,
Call'd we are their joys to prove,
Sav'd with them from future wrath,
Partners of like precious faith.

3 Sing we then in Jeſu's name,
Now as yeſterday the ſame,
One in every age and place,
Full for all of truth and grace.
We for Chriſt our Maſter ſtand,
Lights in a benighted land,
We our dying Lord confeſs,
We are Jeſu's witneſſes.

4 Witneſſes that Chriſt hath died,
We with him are crucified:

Chriſt haſt burſt the bands of death,
We his quick'ning Spirit breathe,
Chriſt is now gone up on high,
(Thither all our wiſhes fly;)
Sits at God's right hand above,
There with him we reign in love.

Part the ſecond.

5 COME, thou high and lofty Lord,
Lowly meek, incarnate, Word,
Humbly ſtoop to earth again,
Come, and viſit abject man.
Jeſu, dear expected gueſt,
Thou art bidden to the feaſt,
For thyſelf our heart prepare,
Come and ſit and banquet there.

6 Jeſu, we thy promiſe claim,
We are met in thy great name:
In the midſt do thou appear,
Manifeſt thy preſence here;
Sanctify us, Lord, and bleſs,
Breathe thy Spirit, give thy peace:
Thou thyſelf within us move,
Make our feaſt a feaſt of love.

7 Let the fruits of grace abound,
Let us in thy bowels ſound:
Faith, and love, and joy increaſe,
Temperance and gentleneſs:
Plant in us thy humble mind;
Patient, pitiful and kind,
Meek and lowly let us be,
Full of goodneſs, full of thee.

8 Make us all in thee compleat,
Make us all for glory meet:
Meet t'appear before thy ſight,
Partners with the ſaints in light.

Call, O call us each by name,
To the marriage of the Lamb;
Let us lean upon thy breaſt,
Love be there our endleſs feaſt.

Part the third.

9 LET us join; ('tis God commands,)
Let us join our hearts and hands,
Help to gain our calling's hope,
Build we each the other up.
God his bleſſings ſhall diſpenſe,
God ſhall crown his ordinance,
Meet in his appointed ways,
Nouriſh us with ſocial grace.

10 Let us then as brethren love,
Faithfully his gifts improve,
Carry on the earneſt ſtrife,
Walk in holineſs of life:
Still forget the things behind,
Follow Chriſt in heart and mind,
T'ward the mark unwearied preſs,
Seize the crown of righteouſneſs.

11 Plead we thus for *faith alone*,
Faith which by our works are ſhewn;
God it is who juſtifies,
Only faith his blood applies:
Active faith that lives within,
Conquers hell, and death and ſin,
Sanctifies and makes us whole,
Forms the Saviour in the ſoul.

12 Let us for this faith contend,
Sure ſalvation is its end,
Heaven already is begun,
Everlaſting life is won;
Only let us preſevere,
'Till we ſee our Lord appear,
Never from the rock remove,
Sav'd by faith which works by love.

Part the fourth

13 PARTNERS of a glorious hope,
Lift your hearts and voices up,
Jointly let us riſe and ſing,
Chriſt our Prophet, Prieſt, and King:
Monuments of Jeſu's grace,
Speak we by our lives his praiſe;
Walk in him we have receiv'd,
Shew we not in vain believ'd.

14 While we walk with God in light,
God our hearts doth ſtill unite,
Deareſt fellowſhip we prove,
Fellowſhip of Jeſu's love;
Sweetly each with each combin'd,
In the bonds of duty join'd,
Feels the cleanſing blood applied,
Daily feels that Chriſt hath died.

15 Still, O Lord our faith increaſe,
Cleanſe from all unrighteouſneſs;
Thee th' unholy cannot ſee;
Make, O make us meet for thee:
Every vile affection kill,
Root out every ſeed of ill,
Utterly aboliſh ſin,
Write thy law of love within.

16 Hence may all our actions flow,
Love the proof that Chriſt we know,
Mutal love the token be,
Lord that we belong to thee:
Love, thine image love, impart;
Stamp it on our face and heart;
Only love to us be given,
Lord we aſk no other heaven.

HYMN LXXXIV.

The communion of ſaints.

1 FATHER, Son, and Spirit hear,
Faith's effectual fervent prayer,
Hear, and our petitions ſeal,
Let us now the anſwer feel:
Myſtically one with thee;
Tranſcript of the Trinity,
Thee let all our nature own,
One in Three, and Three in One.

2 If we now begin to be
Partners with thy ſaints, and thee,
If we have our ſins forgiven,
Fellow citizens of heaven;
Still the fellowſhip increaſe;
Knit us in the bond of peace,
Join our new-born ſpirits, join
Each to each, and all to thine.

3 Build us in one body up,
Call'd in one high calling's hope;
One the Spirit whom we claim,
One the pure baptiſmal flame,
One the faith and common Lord,
One the Father lives, ador'd,
Over, thro' and in us all;
God incomprehenſible.

4 One with God, the ſource of bliſs,
Ground of our communion this,
Life of all that live below,
Let thine emanations flow,
Riſe eternal in our heart:
Thou our long ſought *Eden* art!
Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
Be to us what *Adam* loſt.

Part the ſecond.

5 OTHER ground can no man lay,
Jeſus takes our ſins away!
Jeſus the foundation is,
This ſhall ſtand and only this:
Fitly fram'd in him we are,
All the building riſes fair,
Let it to a temple riſe,
Worthy him who fills the ſkies.

6 Huſband of thy church below,
Chriſt, if thee our Lord we know,
Unto thee betroth'd in love,
Always let us faithful prove.
Never rob thee of our heart,
Never give the creature part,
Only thou poſſeſs the whole,
Take our body, ſpirit, ſoul.

7 Stedfaſt let us cleave to thee,
Love the myſtic union be,
Union to the world unknown!
Join'd to God in Spirit one:
Wait we till the ſpouſe ſhall come,
Till the Lamb ſhall take us home,
For his heav'n the bride prepare,
Solemnize our nuptials there.

Part the third.

JOHN xvii. 20, &c.

8 CHRIST our head, gone up on high,
Be thou in thy Spirit nigh,
Advocate with God give ear
To thine own effectual prayer;

Hear the ſounds thou once didſt breathe,
In thy days of fleſh beneath,
Now, O Jeſus, let them be
Strongly echo'd back to thee.

9 We, O Chriſt, have thee receiv'd,
Have the goſpel word believ'd,
Juſtly then we claim a ſhare
In thine everlaſting prayer.
One the Father is with thee,
Knit us in like unity;
Make us, O uniting Son,
One, as thou and he are one.

10 Thee he lov'd e'er time begun,
Thee, the co-eternal Son,
He hath to thy merit given
Us th' adopted heirs of heaven.
Thou haſt will'd that we ſhould riſe,
See thy glory in the ſkies,
See thee by all heaven ador'd,
Be for ever with our Lord.

11 Thou the Father ſeeſt alone,
Thou to us haſt made him known:
Sent from him we know thou art,
We have found thee in our heart;
Thou the Father haſt declared:
He is here our great reward,
Ours his nature and his name;
Thou art ours, with him the ſame.

12 Still, O Lord, (for thine we are)
Still to us his name declare:
Thy revealing Spirit give,
Whom the world cannot receive:
Fill us with the Father's love,
Never from our ſouls remove,
Dwell in us and we ſhall be
Thine to all eternity.

13 CHRIST, from whom all bleſſings flow,
Perfecting the ſaints below,
Hear us who thy nature ſhare,
Who thy myſtic body are;
Join us, in one ſpirit, join,
Let us ſtill receive of thine,
Still for more, on thee we call,
Thee, who filleſt all in all.

14 Cloſer knit to thee our head,
Nouriſh us, O Chriſt, and feed;
Let us daily growth receive,
More and more in Jeſus live:
Jeſus, we thy members are,
Cheriſh us with kindeſt care;
Of thy fleſh and of thy bone;
Love for ever, love thine own.

15 Move and actuate and guide,
Divers gifts to each divide;
Plac'd according to thy will,
Let us all our works fulfil;
Never from our office move,
Needful to the other's prove,
Uſe the grace on each beſtow'd,
Temper'd by the art of God.

16 Sweetly now we all agree,
Touch'd with ſofeſt ſympathy,
Kindly for each other care:
Every member feels its ſhare:
Wounded by the grief of one,
All the ſuff'ring members groan;
Honour'd if one member is,
All partake the common bliſs.

17 Many are we now, and one,
We who Jeſus have put on;

There is neither bond nor free,
Male nor female Lord, in thee,
Love, like death, hath all destroy'd,
Render'd all distinctions void:
Names, and sects, and parties fall:
Thou, O Christ, art all in all.

Part the fifth.

18 COME, ye kindred souls above,
Man provokes you unto love:
Saints and angels hear the call,
Praise the common Lord of all:
Him let earth and heaven proclaim,
Earth and heaven record his name;
Let us both in this agree,
Both his own great family.

19 Hosts of heaven, begin the song,
Praise him with a tuneful tongue:
(Sounds like yours we cannot raise
We can only lisp his praise)
Us repenting sinners see,
Jesus died to set us free;
Sing ye over us forgiven,
Shout for joy, ye hosts of heaven.

20 Be it unto angels known,
By the church what God hath done;
Depths of love and wisdom see,
In a dying Deity!
Gaze, ye first born seraphs gaze,
Never can ye sound his grace:
Lost in wonder, look no more,
Fall, and silently adore!

21 Ministerial spirits, know,
Execute your charge below:
You our Father hath prepared,
Fenc'd us with a flaming guard:

Bids you all our ways attend,
Safe convoy us to the end;
On your wings our ſouls remove,
Waft us to the realms above:

Part the ſixth.

22 HAPPY ſouls whoſe courſe is run
Who the fight of faith have won,
Parted by an earlier death,
Think you of your friends beneath?
Have you your own fleſh forgot,
By a common ranſom bought?
Can death's interpoſing tide,
Spirits one in Chriſt divide?

23 No; for us you ever wait,
'Till we make your bliſs compleat,
'Till your fellow-ſervants come,
'Till you brethren haſten home:
You in paradiſe remain,
For your teſtimony ſlain,
Nobly who for Jeſus ſtood,
Bold to ſeal the truth with blood.

24 Ever now your ſpeaking cries,
From beneath the altar riſe,
Loudly calls for vengeance due:
" Come thou holy God, and true!
" Lord how long doſt thou delay?
" Come, to judgment, come away!
" Haſten, Lord, the general doom,
" Come away to judgment come!

25 Wait ye righteous ſpirits wait,
Soon arrives your glorious ſtate;
Rob'd in white, a ſeaſon reſt,
Bleſt, if not ſupremely bleſt;
When the number is fulfill'd,
When the witneſſes are kill'd,

When we all from earth are driven,
Then with us ye mount to heaven.

26 Jesu, hear, and bow the skies,
Hark, we all unite our cries;
Take us to thy heavenly home,
Quickly let thy kingdom come!
Jesu, come the Spirit cries!
Jesu, come, the Bride replies!
One triumphant church above
Join us all in perfect love.

FINIS.

INDEX.

	P.	H.
A		
AND wilt thou yet be found —	30	21
And can I yet delay —	31	*ib.*
Ariſe, my ſoul, ariſe — —	57	40
Author of faith appear — —	96	67
Amen, to all that God hath ſaid —	110	75
B		
Behold the Saviour of mankind —	46	34
C		
Commit thou all thy griefs —	51	37
Come, O thou traveller unknown —	55	39
Come, Lord, and help me to rejoice —	92	65
Come, O thou greater than our heart -	104	72
Come, and let us ſweetly join —	122	83
Come, thou high and lofty Lord —	123	*ib.*
Chriſt our head, gone up on high —	127	84
Chriſt, from whom all bleſſings flow -	129	*ib.*
Come, ye kindred ſouls above —	130	*ib.*
F		
Father of lights, from whom proceeds -	6	2
Father, if thou my father art - —	37	25
Fountain of life to all below —	118	79
Father of our dying Lord — —	119	80
Father, Son, and Spirit, hear —	126	84
G		
God of my ſalvation, hear — —	25	16
Give to the winds thy fears —	52	37
God of unexhauſted grace — —	77	50
Giver of concord, Prince of peace —	119	81

INDEX.

	P.	H.
H		
Ho! every one that thirſts, draw nigh	5	1
Holy Lamb, who thee receive	40	28
Hail! venerable train	65	45
Holy, and true, the key	71	48
Happy ſoul, who ſees the day	102	71
Happy ſouls, whoſe courſe is run	131	84
I		
Jeſus, in whom the weary find	13	7
Jeſu, if ſtill the ſame thou art	18	11
Jeſu, lover of my ſoul	19	12
Jeſus in whom the Godhead's rays	20	13
I thirſt, thou wounded Lamb of God	21	14
Jeſu, if ſtill thou art to day	22	15
Jeſu, Redeemer, Saviour, Lord	34	23
Jeſu, thou art my righteouſneſs	41	29
Jeſus, my life thyſelf apply	42	30
Jeſu, to thee my heart I bow	45	33
Jeſu, thy boundleſs love to me	47	35
Jeſu, to thee I bow	58	40
Jeſu, thou art our king	62	43
I thank thee, whoſe atoning blood	76	52
Jeſu, friend of ſinners, hear	82	57
If now I have acceptance found	85	60
Jeſu, my Saviour, brother, friend	86	61
Jeſu, my ſtrength, my hope	89	63
I want an heart to pray	90	*ib.*
Jeſu, my king to thee I bow	83	66
Jeſu, my ſoul takes hold on thee	94	*ib.*
Jeſu, thy blood and righteouſneſs	97	68
Jeſu, Redeemer of mankind	99	69
Jeſu, united by thy grace	117	78
L		
Lamb of God, for ſinners ſlain	16	9
Let the world their virtue boaſt	69	47
Lord, and am I yet alive	91	64
Let us join, ('tis God commands)	124	83

INDEX.

	P.	H.
M		
My God, my God, on thee I cry ——	79	55
My God, I humbly call thee mine —	80	56
N		
Naked of thine image Lord ——	15	8
Now I have found the ground wherein	39	37
O		
O thou dear ſuffering Son of God ——	11	5
O my Lord, what muſt I do ——	27	18
O for an heart to praiſe my God ——	28	19
O thou whom fain my ſoul would love -	29	20
O that my load of ſin were gone ——	32	22
O that thou wouldſt the heavens rent -	33	23
O love, I languiſh at thy ſtay ——	35	24
O love divine, what haſt thou done —	36	*ib.*
O draw me, Saviour, after thee ——	48	35
O God, of good th' unfathom'd ſea ——	50	36
O for a thouſand tongues to ſing ——	63	44
O Jeſu, ſource of calm repoſe ——	72	49
O heavenly king —— ——	74	50
O what ſhall I do —— ——	*ib.*	51
O God of my ſalvation hear ——	75	52
Omnipotent Lord —— ——	78	54
O almighty God of love —— ——	84	59
O thou who doſt the churches bear —	108	73
O thou whoſe eyes run to and fro ——	109	74
O joyful ſound of goſpel grace! ——	114	76
Other ground can no man lay ——	127	84
P		
Pris'ners of hope, lift up your heads -	17	10
Peace, doubting heart my God's I am -	53	38
Prophet on earth beſtow'd ——	70	48
Pierce, fill me with an humble fear - -	87	61
Partners of a glorious hope ——	125	83
R		
Regardleſs now of things below ——	12	6

INDEX

	P.	H.
S		
Suffice for me that thou, my Lord ——	9	4
Saviour, the world's and mine ——	60	41
Still, O my ſoul, prolong ——	61	42
Son of God if thy free grace - ——	83	58
Sinners, your Saviour ſee —— ——	95	67
Saviour of all, to thee we bow ——	113	75
T		
Thou hidden love of God, whoſe height	8	3
Thee will I love, my ſtrength, my tower	43	31
Thou, Jeſu, art our king —— ——	64	45
To the haven of thy breaſt ——	88	62
The Lord is king, and earth ſubmits —	107	72
Try us, O Lord, and ſearch the ground	116	77
V		
Vain deluſive world, adieu ——	67	46
Unchangeable, almighty Lord ——	105	72
W		
Wretched, helpleſs and diſtreſt ——	14	8
While dead in treſpaſſes I lie —— ——	23	15
When, gracious Lord, when ſhall it be	26	17
Wherewith, O Lord, ſhall I draw near	38	26
Where ſhall my wond'ring ſoul begin -	44	32
What tho' all I am is ſin —— ——	68	46
When from the duſt of death I riſe —	98	68
Witneſs divine, the juſt, the true ——	103	72
Y		
Ye that paſs by behold the man ——	10	5
Yield to me now for I am weak ——	56	39
Ye happy ſinners, hear —— ——	101	70
Yet ſtill we glory in thy name ——	112	75